THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by R. J. C. WALKER, Publisher and Proprietor, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington. All Rights reserved.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875. Three Dollars a Year, In Advance. No. 38.

EARLY FLOWERS.

BY JANE DIXON.

White snowdrop petals from the moist earth peeping,
Welcome as sunshine after pleasant rain;
Out of warm bulbs that long have held you sleeping,
Like buried hopes, you start to life again.
Welcome, and cluster on the brow of morning;
The icicles have melted from her hair;
Her floating auburn tresses want adorning,
And your pure ivory bells shall make them fair.

Old winter, crowned with mistletoe and holly,
Is stealing from us quietly at last;
And now the trees bud, it is worse than folly,
To muse among the ashes of the past.
Blackbird and thrush and ousel, in their gladness,
Have charmed away the winter of the soul;
The mask has fallen from ungenial sadness,
And the benighted heart is once more whole.

One redbreast on my window sill yet lingers,
And peers about with prying, round, black eye,
Far cheerier than when winter's numbing fingers
Half robbed his little throat of melody.
We cannot hearken to the ghostly voices
Of vanished hours, and brood by lonely fires,
Since every bursting bud and leaf rejoices,
The faintest echo of sad sound expires.

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.

Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Before him he beheld a cowering female figure, and by her side the burly form of a man, who appeared to be dragging his companion along.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW FACE, AND A MYSTERY.

Lying on the pavement at his feet, Nelson Chaswick saw the form of a lady who had been hurled from the wrecked vehicle.

He sprang to her assistance, and found that she was bleeding and insensible.

A crowd quickly gathered, as is usually the case whenever in a city, little matter how late the hour, anything of an exciting nature occurs in public.

"What's the disturbance?" called one.

"No disturbance—a runaway only, and a lady thrown from her carriage," was the answer.

"Is she killed?" asked another.

"Not killed, I think, but seriously injured," said Mr. Chaswick.

The door of a handsome dwelling near had been opened, and a gentleman, perhaps the owner, came hurriedly out. Seeing this, the young man hastily requested that the injured lady might be conveyed in from the street.

"Certainly, sir," was the immediate and hospitable response. "Let her be brought in at once."

Gently lifting the helpless figure, Mr. Chaswick and two or three others bore the lady into the parlor of the house, placing their still unconscious burden on a sofa.

A physician was summoned, and arrived in a very short time after the call.

Mr. Chaswick then obtained a good view of the sufferer's face.

His first glimpse of it, even in the uncertain light of the street lamp, had caused him to start with emotion, for though he did not recognize it, the features had a strangely familiar look.

Now he gazed with searching earnestness upon them. Stronger grew the conviction that somehow he had met the lady before.

She was an elderly person—quite old enough, he judged, to be his mother—of very refined and aristocratic appearance, but with features wearing, even in their present immobility, an expression of deep and haunting melancholy.

"Where have I seen that sad, sweet face before?" he questioned silently of himself.

Then he forgot for the time his puzzling interest in that matter, and listened while the doctor pronounced his opinion of her injuries.

"She is very seriously hurt," said the physician. "There is only one wound, and that not dangerous, but the shock she has received was terrible. This bleeding is nearly all from her mouth."

"And there may be internal injuries?" questioned Mr. Chaswick, with a marked anxiety of tone.

"Yes," replied the doctor, turning to him. "Is she a relative of yours?"

"Of mine? No; she is a stranger to me."

"A stranger! I am sure you look enough alike to be related. Do you not even know her name?"

"I am ignorant of it; I merely chanced to witness the accident."

"And she is nothing to you, sir? I had not time to learn otherwise, of course, but glancing from her face to yours, I took you to be related."

Nelson Chaswick was actually trembling now—why, he knew not, but an unaccountable excitement filled his frame.

The injured lady was nothing to him, of course, only he felt that at some previous time he had been in her presence.

"I have no relatives," he sighed to himself. "Father, mother, brother, sister or other kindred I never knew. Dear Mr. Lamoyle has been a father to me, it is true, but that which to me has ever seemed more blessed than aught else, a mother's love and care and presence, I never knew—I never can know."

Then the young man's thoughts took a strange, backward turn, leading him down to recollections of poverty, ignorance, obscurity, and all the dire attendants of a childhood thus begun.

Back, back he went in memory to that condition of wretchedness and peril from which his good patron had rescued him.

He fell into a semi-reverie, very brief, but very bitter. The memories of that period of his life had something like horror in them to him. He often and often wondered what he would have been, had not a happy chance thrown him under the notice of the man who had advanced him in every good way.

Mr. Chaswick was aroused by the question of Mr. Rockwell—the gentleman in whose house they were—as to what had become of the lady's coachman.

At the very moment he propounded it that individual entered the house in a state of great excitement.

"Is Mrs. Chaswick—my missus—here?" he inquired, in trembling eagerness.

"Mrs. Chaswick!"

As he heard the lady inquired for by that name—his own name—Nelson Chaswick started as if a bullet had struck him.

Nothing escaped his lips, but he turned upon the coachman with a look of the most questioning amazement.

Then he said:

"Your mistress is seriously hurt, but I trust her injuries will not prove fatal. Her name is Mrs. Chaswick, you say? Will you inform me where she resides?"

"That I will. At No. —— North ——; and I wish she was there. I hope she won't be hard on me when she comes to; but the carriage is clear smashed, and one of the horses is killed, and—and I'm afraid I'll get my discharge for this, without a recommend."

The man paused in a state of anxious perturbation, but a moment's reflection seemed to reassure him.

"No," he muttered, "my lady won't send me off, but she ought to, though. She's always been too good to me, and now to pay her up I want to break her neck! I'm a fine coachy—I am!" he ejaculated, in self-contempt. "No more fit to drive such a turnout as we has, than I am to preach a sermon. Pity it wasn't me that was pitched out. Are they going to carry her upstairs, sir?"

"She cannot be removed to-night," said the doctor—"perhaps not for days. She will receive very hospitable attention here, and all you have to do is to go to her home and inform her family of what has happened. But hold, sir; I had better send some one else. You will be sure to bungle in imparting the news."

"There ain't much family to tell," rejoined the coachman. "Mrs. Chaswick lives almost alone—there's only the servants, besides myself."

"Indeed! And has she no near relatives, who could be informed of her condition?"

"None that I know of—none in the city at least. My lady ain't bothered much with relations."

"Humph! She is more fortunate than some folks," muttered the doctor. "But you don't mean to say she lives in that great house at No. —— —— street—I know the place—all alone?"

"All alone, sir, except the servants and the company she receives."

"That is strange—but no matter about it to us. Go to her residence, and say to your fellow-servants that, as soon as her condition renders removal possible, your mistress will be brought there. Until that time, everything will be done for her comfort and recovery here."

"Yes, sir," said the coachman.

Mrs. Chaswick, beginning now to revive, had been conveyed to an upper apartment. She was very weak in body and confused in mind, imagining that she was still in a position of peril.

The physician, hastening after his patient, when he had finished his directions to the coachman, gently quieted her, and soon had her in a condition of passiveness and repose.

Nelson Chaswick had lingered to hear the doctor's final opinion of her injuries. After this had been imparted, the young man still tarried. He had some words which he felt he must say concerning her.

In the parlor he saw Dr. Curtis—that was the physician's name, and thus questioned him:

"You are not personally acquainted with Mrs. Chaswick, doctor?"

"No; I never saw her before; and yet I have some knowledge of her. I was aware that a lady of that name lived at No. —— ——."

Nelson Chaswick hardly knew how to excuse himself for what he was about to say, but an irresistible desire to express a feeling that was agitating his breast impelled him to speak.

"I never before saw this lady to my knowledge," he said, "yet her face seems familiar, and attracts me strangely. The fact of our names being the same, also impresses me forcibly, though it can be nothing more than a coincidence. I am motherless, doctor, but all my life I have had a dream of meeting one as good and noble as, judging by her face, is this lady. And—and"—he continued, falteringly—"a wild, sweet thought of mine has been that such might call me her son."

The physician stared in wonder.

"Mr. Chaswick," he said, "it surprises me to hear you speak thus. Your words imply that a mystery attends your birth."

"And that is the truth," answered the young man. "Where my life began, I know not. I was rescued from the slums of poverty by a man who proved a noble benefactor to me; yes, though my earliest years were passed amid debasing surroundings, I am confident that my birthright was better. This is a subject to which I seldom refer, but the occurrence of this night has aroused strange and, perhaps, reprehensible thoughts. Do not imagine that I am absurd enough to jump at the romantic conclusion that the lady now your patient may prove to be my mother."

"You really resemble each other," declared Dr. Curtis. "As I said, I thought you must be related. I took you for Mrs. Chaswick's son; I did, indeed."

"I have little faith in romance," said the young man, "and it would be a romance if, as a sequence of to-night's adventure, I was to find a mother whom I have never known. I have no such hopes, but I cannot suffer my knowledge of Mrs. Chaswick to remain so little. I must see her again when she recovers, as I most anxiously pray she may; and that is why I wished to speak with you. Will you not communicate to her such facts in connection with myself as you may think will interest her?"

"I certainly will; I promise you that with all my soul. Why, Mr. Chaswick, it is my solemn conviction that you are the lady's son, of whom some sad chance bereft her when you were but an infant."

The doctor was in an excitement; the young man pale and agitated, but without the credulous warmth of the other.

"No, no," he sighed. "I dare not entertain such a fancy."

"Why, I am sure everything points to such a *denouement*. It is all as plain as daylight to me. This lady has a sorrow in her life; that is seen by the very expression of her countenance; you say your early years were passed amid surroundings of vice and poverty. You cannot believe that they were your inheritance. You must then have been stolen, lost, cast off, or something of the kind, retaining, however, by a lucky chance, your rightful name. This lady bears the same. I do not know the history of her life, but it seems to me now that it is to be revealed, that the loss of her child was one of the sorrowful events of it."

"But you do not know that she ever had any children. We are both preposterous in our utterances in this connection."

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Chaswick," returned Dr. Curtis, with no check to his enthusiastic interest in the subject. "I shall await impatiently the lady's convalescence, until she shall reach a stage when it will be safe to open this matter to her."

"And I," sighed the young man, "shall be more impatient, but not so sanguine of the results you look upon as possible."

"You shall form her acquaintance at any rate, and I doubt not she will be very glad to see you, even with no hint of what may be proven hereafter."

"God grant that some new sunshine come into my life," murmured the young man to himself, "for it seems desolate enough now."

And then he thought of Helen Deane, with a bitterness that, for a time, had been lost in the later excitement of the evening.

They parted, Mr. Chaswick and the physician, the one to seek a luxurious home, which now he looked upon as no longer rightfully his, the other to return to the bedside of his patient.

But for Nelson Chaswick the adventures of the night were not yet over.

CHAPTER V.

CELIA BURKE.

Passing abstractedly along, occupied with the many exciting thoughts that crowded upon his mind, Mr. Chaswick arrived within a few squares of his home when, turning a corner, he heard an imploring cry, and came upon a scene that roused him from his confusing reverie.

The hour was late, and the streets were almost deserted, but before him he beheld a cowering female figure, and by her side the burly form of a man, who appeared to be dragging his companion along.

"Oh, release me! I cannot go with you," were the words Mr. Chaswick had indistinctly caught, but whose tone of terror he could not mistake.

"You shall," declared a gruff, villainous voice, "Not another word from your lips. There comes a gent, and if you cry again, I'll——"

"Help! help!" implored the girl—for the weaker party was such—emboldened by the announcement of a gentleman's presence to raise her voice in pleading for deliverance from her persecutor.

"Oh, sir——"

"What means this—what's the matter here?" demanded Mr. Chaswick, boldly advancing upon the villain.

"It means nothing; only this girl won't go along with me as she ought to."

"What right have you to force her to? Unhand her instantly."

"See here, stranger," spoke the fellow threateningly, "don't meddle or make a fuss, or it might be unpleasant for ye."

"Release your hold upon the girl."

"I won't," returned the man with an oath, making at the same moment a quick movement of his right arm, as if to draw a weapon.

In another instant a blade flashed in the lamp-light, but before further demonstration could be made, Mr. Chaswick, with a bound like that of a panther, sprung upon the desperado, and felled him to the pavement.

He fell heavily, and lay there motionless.

"Now, miss," said Mr. Chaswick, turning quickly to the frightened and trembling girl, "your persecutor is for the time powerless? How can I further serve you?"

He glanced keenly at her as he spoke, to assure himself if he could by her appearance see that she was a person of respectability. That brief survey proved more than satisfactory, for he was struck with the expression of purity, innocence and refinement that marked the features of the girl he had just rescued.

She was apparently not more than seventeen years of age, of slight, graceful figure, tastefully attired with none of that offensive over-imitation of fashion, so common with many of limited means, who so ridiculously ape every extravagance of the rich.

A sweet, modest face was before Mr. Chaswick, though it was plain that its owner was not one of the daughters of wealth and station.

"If you would only see me to my home, sir," she faltered, as if, grateful for what he had already done, she feared to ask anything more of him, he being a gentleman, and she only a poor girl, whose presence in the street at that late hour might of itself subject her to damaging suspicion.

"I will gladly do it," said Mr. Chaswick, promptly and kindly. "Where do you live?"

"In —— street, sir; it is not far, and I might go alone, but I am so frightened that I hardly know where I am, and *he* might find me again," she added, shudderingly.

"You are safe with me; I will see you to your home."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Do we go up —— street?"

They had moved on.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then we will turn here. You would not find your home alone, I fear; you were about to turn down."

"Was I, sir?" she said, with a frightened start. "I am very much confused indeed."

"Will you give me your name?"

"Celia Burke, sir."

He handed her his card as he spoke, and then added:

"And might I inquire how it happened that you came to be assaulted by that man?"

Mr. Chaswick had no doubt of his companion's character now, and so he did not hesitate to ask a question, which if she were not what she seemed, might be embarrassing to answer.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said; "and I trust you will believe me. I ought not to have ventured out so late, but I had a dress to finish and deliver to night, and Miss Deane said I *must* come or she would never employ me again."

"Miss Deane?" questioned her protector, almost choking in the utterance of the name.

"Yes, sir; Miss Helen Deane."

"Ah, yes; I have known her. You are her dressmaker then, Miss Burke?"

"I do some work for the family, but it is in addition to my regular service at Madame Derveux's. My parents are dead, sir, but I have an invalid sister to support, and as my own health is not always good, when I can work I do all I am able to."

"And more, I fear, than you ought to," interpolated Mr. Chaswick, looking with growing interest upon the pure, sensitive, but care-marked face of the young girl. "You were returning from—from Mr. Deane's, then?" he continued, "when you were seized by the villain from whom I released you."

"Yes, I know him, sir. He has before accosted me in the streets and endeavored to force his company upon me; but he was never so violent as to-night."

By this time the home of Celia, or rather her boarding-place, had been reached. She and her sister occupied a room together.

Mr. Chaswick, with a kind good-night, left her, first cautioning her to avoid the streets after dark, if possible. Then he went on his way, and without further adventure reached his home.

As for Celia Burke, she sought her invalid sister's room, her bosom filled with gratitude for the service that had been rendered her, and her lips unconsciously muttering: "How handsome and noble he is—a true gentleman, for none but such would have done all for me that he did. How glorious it must be to be like him—rich, happy, and so prosperous. How different human experience is! how one man is exalted above another! I wonder why it is. Why could we not all be grand and good, beyond the reach of poverty and sorrow. Ah, me! if I as a woman could only stand where as a man he does!"

If you could, indeed, have so stood, ignorant heart! If you could have felt the bitterness, the blankness that even at that moment were the portion of Nelson Chaswick, what then? Would you have come to see more clearly that happiness depends not so much upon outward circumstance as inward conditions? that the woes of life, in one form or another, afflict both the high and the humble? and that the little of heaven we may on earth attain, lies as much within the reach of a child's hand as a giant's.

How often would envy cease if things and experiences for which we long could become ours! How often would ambition sink lifeless if we could first visit the shining heights toward which our dazzled vision is directed, and learn how little is there before we return to strive for its possession.

But Celia Burke dreamed her dream, and the world she awoke to seemed very barren and cold.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFTING THE CURTAIN OF A LIFE.

Mrs. Chaswick had so recovered in three days from the period of the runaway that she could be removed to her own home. Dr. Curtis, by her earnest request, remained her physician.

Profoundly interested in her as he now was, this expression of her desire gave him the deepest satisfaction. He felt himself honored in being retained as her medical attendant, and rejoiced that he would have opportunity to acquaint her, when she should be entirely prepared, therefore, with what the reader knows he was anxious to communicate. Not yet had he ventured to introduce, however delicately, the subject that in part occupied his mind.

It was to a stately and luxurious home that he now went daily in attendance upon Mrs. Chaswick. Every evidence of wealth and refinement there met his view. Yet the house seemed not only grand but gloomy, despite the rich upholstery, the light, warmth, elegance and exquisite order that made up its sum of attractions. No young voices, save those of the casual comer, were there heard. No figures save those of guests or servants, or that of the sad-eyed mistress of the place were met in the beautiful rooms, or on the velvet-carpeted stairways.

Where there was so much of splendor, beauty, comfort, and outward delight to share, but one heart called the choice surroundings home—and she felt the dreariness of it all, for home means more than mere possession.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Chaswick, one afternoon shortly after she was again

under her own roof, "you have been very, very kind to me during your attendance upon me as your patient. I appreciate your services, but do you know that I almost wish that instead of having escaped death I had perished, as I came so near doing?"

"You startle me, Mrs. Chaswick; I am pained to hear you speak so."

"It may be that I am very wicked to express such a wish, but it is in my heart."

"You are fortunately situated in life in many respects, madam," remarked the physician, with a desire to probe her secret feelings—a pardonable desire, for he now sought to introduce the subject that so interested him in relation to herself and Nelson Chaswick.

"Fortunately situated!" she ejaculated, with a bitterness and sadness that absolutely startled him. "You judge me as others, so I see, by my outward circumstances."

There was a sympathetic softness in the doctor's manner now.

"Pardon me, dear madam," he said; "your life is not a happy one, I should judge, but I did not imagine that you find it wearisome."

"Doctor," she said, almost passionately, "if to many sorrows is added guilt—guilt and remorse——"

"Madam!"

"Hear me, sir, if you will."

"You excite yourself; you are weak; I cannot permit you to speak thus."

"I am not strong, but it will not hurt me to say what I wish to now—it will give me relief. Hear me, I beg of you. You are one whom I feel I can trust. For many a weary year I have not spoken on the subject of my sorrows; perhaps had I confided in another, they would have been less to bear. But I have kept silent. I feel sometimes that my life is a living lie, for I am not what it may be thought I am. The world may worship my wealth, but I fear it would have little honor for me, if it knew all."

"Perhaps it is not right that even I should know," said Dr. Curtis, deeply interested, but not desiring to pry into the heart-secrets of another.

"Let me tell you this much, at least," she replied; "that years ago in the selfish love I bore him who afterward became my husband, I did another a grevious wrong—in the sight of my soul it is a crime, and the shadow of that action has since darkened my whole life. To this darkness, a horror was shortly added—a mysterious crime——"

She paused, unable to proceed. Her emotion, as she apparently recalled some event of her past life, was so great and painful that Dr. Curtis positively forbade her to attempt to speak further at that time. But, though she did not resume where she had broken off, she continued thus:

"Do you believe that in the next world the guilt or innocence of those who remain behind is known to those who are already there?"

She asked the question with a strange, eager earnestness, but whether she hoped for or feared an affirmative, her hearer could not decide.

"Why should I give an opinion on a subject of which I can have no knowledge?" he said.

"But you have a belief, nevertheless. Let me hear it," she implored.

"We know nothing of these things," he replied, evasively. "The dead are done with earth; we go to them; they do not return to us either to suffer with us or sorrow for us." Then to change the subject, he said, quickly, "Without wishing to further excite you, Mrs. Chaswick, will you not answer me a single question, in asking which I have a direct object?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Was there not an event in your life—a personal bereavement or loss—to which you have not yet referred?"

"Do you mean the loss of my child?" she asked, with a painful start, and a quick, questioning look, as if a sudden intuition had informed her that Dr. Curtis knew, or thought he knew, something of that same matter.

Confident as the physician had been that Mrs. Chaswick had suffered in such a way, the confirmation was exciting to him, and he fairly gasped:

"Your child, Mrs. Chaswick? You suffered such a bereavement then—but not by death?"

"I did, and not by death. But why do you ask that? Surely you can have had no knowledge of the melancholy event."

The physician's face was very grave, but he was, nevertheless, much excited.

"Was your child a son, Mrs. Chaswick?" he asked, confident of an affirmative reply.

"No, no," to his sobering surprise she answered; "a daughter—an infant daughter."

The countenance of the doctor fell; he had believed he was on the verge of a joyous confirmation of his conviction, as expressed to Nelson Chaswick; but now that hope was gone.

"And you had no other children?" he asked, rather perplexedly than directly.

"None," sighed the lady. "I who have so yearned for the joys of motherhood am alone in the world. My near kin and my husband are dead; my relatives by marriage are my enemies; there is no one to turn to. Yet, somewhere in the great world, if she yet be living, is a child of my own blood, but lost to me, I fear, forever. Twenty-five years have gone by since my infant daughter was taken from me; nothing has been heard of her since then, and now I have no hope of ever finding her. What would she be if I were to find her? One, perhaps, whom I could not receive with joy, for the perils of poverty, ignorance and degrading associations must have been hers—I traced her to such surroundings—and I fear she could not have escaped."

"Strange! strange!" muttered Dr. Curtis, excitedly. "Madam," he said aloud, "let me tell you a story. Were it not for a difference of sex, I verily believe that I could say that I could bring your lost child to your arms. The name of the young man who was the first to give you assistance in the street when you were thrown from your carriage, was Nelson Chaswick. I have spoken of him before to you, but have not until now uttered his name in your hearing."

"*Chaswick!*" she repeated, in earnest surprise; "my own name."

"Yes; I know the young man—know him to be one of the most worthy and excellent of our younger citizens. He was lately very prominently engaged in business, until the panic caused the failure of the house of which he was a partner. Mr. Ormsby Lanoyle, a somewhat eccentric but benevolent old gentleman of this city, years ago rescued this boy Chaswick from the sloughs of poverty, and advanced him in every good way. The fine capabilities of the youth, united with the advantages his patron provided him, placed him in high standing in the business and social world."

"This youth, you say, was friendless and unknown?" questioned Mrs. Chaswick.

"Friendless, fatherless, motherless, and poor. Bearing your name, as he does, having been a waif in the world; moreover, strongly resembling you in personal appearance, when I first learned who you were, I felt a conviction that this young man was your own son."

Dr. Curtis paused.

Mrs. Chaswick was almost breathless with the interest with which she had listened, and in her convalescing state was, perhaps, too greatly agitated for her good. This the doctor observed, but thought she could yet bear to have the end of the subject reached. So he permitted her to continue it.

"Ah, doctor, it cannot be," she said, sadly.

"Had my infant been a boy, I would be frenzied with the prospective joy of finding my lost one. But I must see this Mr. Chaswick. You will bring him to me, will you not?"

"He has himself expressed a hope to meet you. I shall be most happy to bring you together. There is nothing to debar him from entrance to your house. His character, attainments and social standing are all unimpeachable."

"I shall be impatient to meet him."

"I shall not delay your acquaintanceship, I assure you, beyond the period necessary to some further restoration of your health. The excitement of this occasion may retard that though, I fear, I have permitted you to exert yourself too much. Take this now, and I will leave you."

He handed her a strengthening cordial that he had quickly prepared, and then, with an admonition against disturbing thought or reflections, he took his departure, more than disappointed, it must be said, at the failure of the romance he had been building in his mind. Dr. Curtis had been so sure that Nelson Chaswick would prove to be the son of his interesting patient.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAITING.

BY AGNES STONEHEWER.

Waiting many a lonesome hour,
Waiting ever, aye for thee.
Till the sunbeams on the tower
Slant and fade from off the lea.
Till all light from maiden's bower
Slips into a hazy sea.

Waiting? What reck I of waiting
Days and months and years may be?
If Time only is creating
In thy breast more love for me,
Then am I far overrating
Life-long years of misery.

Youth and love shall not be hoarded,
I can *wait*, and war with strife,
If to me may be accorded
One brief hour thro' all my life,
When (and oh, how well rewarded)
I may hear thee call me—"*wife*."

CHARON, THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES,

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wertzal, The Scout."

[This serial was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XV—[CONTINUED]

The warden prepared to make his midnight rounds as usual. The first door was opened. He found the occupant of the cell in his common position. He opened the next door more cautiously, but, the instant that the bolt sprang back in the lock, the door was torn open from the inside, and a heavy junk bottle, attached by a string to the wrist of the prisoner, was smote down upon the officer's head with force enough to have felled an ox, had his skull not been protected by a stout iron rim to his cap. As it was, he was far from sufficiently protected, and the blow stunned him so, that he staggered against the wall.

During his temporary and little more than an instant's confusion, the keys were snatched from his hand, the light smashed, and the other prisoner freed.

The door, left unlocked upon the entrance of the sheriff, was burst open by half a score of ruffians; but, midway in the alley leading by the cells, they were met by the ominous word, "Surrender!" and a line of pistols fenced their way.

For a few, brief, terrible moments the sounds were like those of a menagerie of incensed wild beasts. Shots and blows and heavy, jarring falls, and shouts and oaths and groans, and, in the midst, a woman's hand appeared, holding a glaring torch, down through the ventilator above their heads.

This was shot at more than once, but it was not extinguished, and it showed friend to friend, and foe to foe.

Not an instant too soon had the border heroine—the warden's wife—executed this matchless manœuvre of woman's wit, for it showed Darlingford, purple, prostrate, struggling, breathless, being dragged over the door-sill with a noose about his neck.

This was witnessed from the outside. There was no sound or cry, but, with the force of a thunderbolt, a heavy horse pistol was butted against the temple of the hangman renegade, and, stunned by the blow, he fell over his intended victim.

A movement almost as rapid as thought severed the cord around the neck of the strangling sheriff; another, and the unconscious ruffian was handcuffed, and his legs tied with the cut rope; while a voice hissed:

"Euchred at last! Who holds the right bower now?"

Meanwhile the battle within the jail was waning. Two or three of the prisoners or desperadoes were vaulting about the prison yard like kangaroos, in a wild and futile attempt to leap over, while one or more shouted for Doane in one breath, and cursed him in the other. However, they gave up their useless prancing at the close invitation of the Vigilant's revolvers, and those who had not been killed were again prisoners, with half a dozen more outside cronies. Four had been killed in the struggle, while it was hoped that neither the warden nor the friends who had warned and assisted him were even dangerously wounded.

Several officers present believed that in the man of the tawny beard, under his several aliases, would be found a prime factor in the sum of border ruffianism, but they little dreamed that night that two of the victorious company had been pursuing the same man for different crimes—pursuing him for months with the persistency of sleuth hounds.

"Not a word—be quiet," was the parting injunction of a young fellow, shaking Darlingford's hand, after the citizens had, separately and collectively, had a narration of the horrible outcry and fierce encounter which had brought them, with beating hearts and starting eyeballs, from their beds into the foggy night; and the warden, with properly bandaged head, was released from duty, and a few sturdy young officers put the criminals again into their little trundle beds, and agreed to stand guard the rest of the night.

"Not a word yet."

And they parted—Darlingford and his rescuer.

Sleep in the greater part of N—— that night was below market value. Everybody was delighted to torture themselves by recounting the affair to everyone whom they met.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS EVELETH SHOWS THE WHITE FEATHER.

"Don't you think she went in the night, bag and baggage?" said Grace to Captain Stannard, the startled, horrified expression on her face again giving him that indefinable thrill which we have mentioned before. "Could she have known that I sent for you?"

"More probably she was outside, and heard of the affair at the prison, and fled to save herself becoming implicated, and, I had almost said, lynched."

"I don't know but that it will kill mamma—such a dreadful tale as I have to tell you. Why she has been drugged in her wine, so that the creature could prowl about and listen and interview her confederates."

"How did you learn this?"

"Why I thought it so strange that mamma should act so unaccountably by times, that one evening I busied myself in her room after her wine had been carried up, and I managed to substitute another goblet with wine fresh from the flask, and got off with the other without being observed. I managed to keep it, and got into B—— two days after, and had M. Ferrar, the chemist, to analyze it. He pronounced the liquor adulterated with a preparation of morphine. He was very inquisitive, and I was, I expect, quite impertinent, for I was fearful that Miss Eveleth might get hold of something a little too soon—which it seems she has. I asked M. Ferrar how any one would appear if they were drugged with this preparation, allowing that I had cause to suspect that a dear friend of mine was being thus dealt with. He accurately described mamma's manner as it has been for six months now. A part of the time her eyes have looked liked those of an insane person, part of the time she has been too stupid to answer you coherently when you spoke to her; and, again, so nervous, that the creaking of a door would cause every beat of her heart to be painful. Mercy! mercy! I wonder that she has not died under the treatment!

"Miss Eveleth, finding mamma unusually wakeful for the last few evenings, owing to my insisting on giving her the wine myself, has boldly asked me to remain with her while she ran out for a breathing spell. Mamma, so kind and obliging, always insisted that Miss Eveleth should not hasten her return."

"Was she out last evening?"

"Yes, of errands, really, for mamma."

"Then she was apprised of what was going on, rest assured, and by some preconcerted signal knew that the outlaws had lost the game."

"There were just these bits of paper in her wardrobe. I don't presume that they are of any importance, but I am learning to give heed to trifles."

Here Miss Grace gave Stannard a corner of a newspaper dating back some five years.

There was the account of a terrible crime in a Southern city; of a beautiful fiend poisoning her patroness, and fleeing the country with her guilty companion, the husband of the lady.

This might not have had anything to do with her who is known as Miss Eveleth, but there was something peculiar in the preservation of so old a scrap of newspaper with what of this article that remained heavily marked. The other fragment was a bit of writing paper, apparently a fraction of a letter with the word "wife" upon it. Stannard immediately compared this with the bits of paper in his pocketbook. The pen strokes were similar, and the small figure of a chain and anchor in the corner of the sheet was identical with that piece picked up by him in the hotel.

"Everything," he said, after explaining these matters to Grace, "goes to confirm my previous opinion. I think that we have captured the very man on whose trail I came West—a forger, burglar, and border desperado of the most finished and fiendish type. Now, if he can only be held under bolts and bars until justice can slip a noose under his ears; but this arch traitoress—I could find it in my heart to strangle her with my own hands, when I think of the brave men who have been butchered by her aiding and abetting."

"And to think," exclaimed Grace, flushing with indignation, "she has been treated with the utmost consideration and deference here—and what will papa think of his matchmaking dreams."

However, it was a long time before Darlingford could get facts satisfactorily adjusted in his mind; when he did, his disgust and calm rage quite overbalanced his previous affection and admiration of Miss Eveleth.

Some business matters were arranged between himself and Stannard, and the latter when departing heard Miss Grace call after him:

"Remember Christmas time, captain;" to which Darlingford also added a request that he would be sure to join the family party.

Stannard promised if possible to be with them.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

It was Christmas; and Stannard was able to keep the promise give to Miss Grace.

"Ned is here!" exclaimed the young girl, vivaciously, "and mamma is coming down to dinner;" and she ushered Stannard into the warm parlor. A handsome, slender young man arose from the sofa, and with a laugh lurking in his handsome eyes, advanced to meet the guest.

"Stannard, we need no introduction; I believe we have met before."

A dim, inexplicable something, a haunting memory flitted through his mind. Speechless almost, and amazed, he held Ned Darlingford by the hand, while the smile in Ned's eyes expanded to every feature of his face, and he burst into a merry laugh.

"Well, poor fellow," he said, recovering from his merriment, "I think it is hardly fair to expect you to recognize every one who claims acquaintanceship."

And the laugh settling back again into his dark-lashed eyes, Stannard exclaimed, not yet letting go his hand.

"Where have we met?"

"Being of our craft, you will not betray me. Don't you recollect a rather dashing young lady who made herself familiar on the night that poor Max Kennedy was attacked on the plains?"

"You? It is impossible!"

"No, sir; it is one of my *roles*. I have been made love to a score of times by flashy gents. I tell you, I have got the hang of the petticoats to a charm. Are you converted to that fact?"

"I cannot believe it, and yet I ought to; for I have once or twice seen in your sister's eyes the same expression that came into yours when a certain man, one of the passengers, sat down at Dillson's table."

"Do you believe, I never got such a sickening shock in my life as when that gigantic fellow fastened his devilish eyes upon me. I saw murder in them. I believed that he had penetrated my disguise, and knew me to be on his track. I subsequently proved that he had done so, for during the fighting between the robbers and the passengers, he singled me out and grappled me. Hampered as I was with my petticoats, he certainly would have got the better of me only as a chance shot, or a providential one, hit him and gave him a severe wound in the right shoulder. Then I effected my escape, and debouched for a new section."

Sitting closely together, they briefly ran over their late career to each other, and when Stannard had fully explained matters, every particular, Ned burst forth in a merry laugh.

"Excuse me, Stannard, old fellow, but this is capital. Will the joke spoil if we keep it? So it was my clear, frank, light eyes, and my brave, vivacious manner that has helped make up your pretty dreams for the last few months, and," dashing his slender hand across his face, "there wasn't even an incipient mustache to warm you off the shoals—by George! Stannard, I can't keep this to myself."

"But you must," affirmed Stannard, somewhat curtly, "you'll harm the trade, and so I feel perfectly safe."

"Ah, there you have me, captain, don't you? The reprobates will be expecting to find a detective under every woman's garb; and one of my best *roles* will be worthless; but, Grace, why do you look so blank?"

"Because I cannot understand it at all," she exclaimed, blushing furiously, as she met her brother's eye.

"Ah-ha!" ejaculated Ned, glancing those matchless light eyes of his from one to the other.

Stannard once more recounted all the coincidences that had led to the mistake, and either by something which he said, or which he didn't say, the party found themselves in inextricable confusion.

"And I believe that we have got at last," Stannard made a desperate and successful attempt to change the conversation, "Hannibal Lyons, *alias* Howard H. Bentley, and so forth."

"And *alias* Byington, and a score of *nom-de-plumes*."

"What do you know of the robber, burglar, forger and desperado?" questioned Stannard.

"What don't I know? Put the question that way, Stannard. I guess you will have to yield me the brush in this hunt. I was in at the death, or capture, you know."

"You?" again Stannard threw the greatest stress upon the little word.

"If I hadn't warned father, if he hadn't sent the cipher telegram to you and a score more of Vigs., I think that border ruffianism, in that case, would have been in the ascendant."

"How were you so fortunate as to know of their intentions?"

"Why, bless your soul! I had been hand and glove with the leaguers for months. I know where to pounce upon the counterfeiters, and in less than the time that will bring us to the middle of January, I will pick out and pick up four or five of the instigators and abettors of Indian outrages."

And in the half-hour preceding dinner, inimitable Ned told in his matchless way to Stannard and Grace the story of the country youth from beginning to end. How, by the aid of his pre-eminent talent as an actor, and an ill-kept wig, and a spatter of artistically arranged freckles, he had entered the train as a raw runaway country youth; had allowed himself to be robbed of quite an amount of money; had advertised for himself, seemingly as his own outraged uncle, and had palmed off their counterfeit money, allowing himself to be arrested twice, simply to decoy the leaguers from the least suspicion, playing himself into the snug little sum of ten thousand dollars in premiums offered for defaulters and absconding rogues by Government and private individuals.

"But it isn't always light work;" and Ned referred to Stannard to confirm his statements. "Now, when I came to tell my own father to walk into the trap that the assassins had set for him, how could I know but that the Vigs might fail, and that I had ensnared my own father to his death."

"Surely he knew you?"

"No, not until I had introduced myself."

Dinner was now announced, and Grace, flying down the steps with her buoyant step, explained further:

"There is to be a real festival at the old barracks—some of papa's and Ned's doings. Mamma strongly objected, on the ground of its being Christmas night, but Ned didn't know when he would be at liberty again, so a courier has gone out to the fort, and the scouts are in off the plains, and the stage will bring them and Miss Barbour and the other ladies in to-night. The band is coming down from T——. The old buildings, during the last two weeks, have been furbished up, and Ned has had every available cook in N—— to work on the feast."

Grace was wild with delight, and between dinner and evening she went over to the barracks to help superintend arrangements, glad of the opportunity to escape the annoying confusion into which Ned's droll and significant glances continually threw her.

Christmas evening came on magnificently. So clear and beautiful was the sky that the full moon held out her map, whereon the naked and inquiring eye could outline her continents, her land and water sections; and the imaginative mind could fancy a jostle and turmoil, such as our planet knows, but so far away that the jar and rumble of life melted in the boundless space without the faintest echo reaching earth.

The larger of the barrack buildings, where supper was to be served, was filled with drifting sweets and appetizing odors. Huge roasts, haunches, sirloins, and rump steaks and spitted game were juicily simmering in huge platters, while tables of lighter food were flanking the sides of the room. Several tall fellows in uniform were marching around to see that no vagrant dogs, four-legged or two-legged, should mar the arrangements.

We pass over the details. By-and-by, when the crowd of citizens were packing the barrack-yards, and soldiers and borderers were shouting at each other in exuberant greeting, Ned Darlingford might have been seen, suggesting an overgrown male fairy, so elastic was his step, so jubilant his ringing tones, so merry his laugh. His suit of black velvet set off his slight made figure to perfection, and on every side he was hailed as "matchless Ned," or "the invincible," and such like expressions, among the higher, intellectual strata, while in the less classical lore—or lower—it was "right bower," "trumps," and "jack of hearts." It made little matter which class hailed him, Ned was the life of all.

By-and-by it was found that the great company were waiting—waiting for what? In this respect Ned was on the alert—eager, wild. He knew what the others did not, and one moment his girlish face would flush, and the next pale, and his beautiful, steady eyes were darkened and flashing, albeit they were anxious in expression. The words sounded from somewhere:

"They are late."

"Not yet," answered the sheriff, cheerily; "three seconds yet, and—hark! away!"

Clear, mellow, and ringing came the sound of the stage-horn blowing in over the flats.

"That call is not familiar," said one and another.

"Ah! but I know it," quoth Ned, exultantly, smiting his hands together above his head, and he signaled the band to crash in with their highest, sweetest chords. Only the pulling and throbbing of one short strain giving place to the par, par, par-rah, rah-ra-par, of the horn, and with a rush and rattle, the mail-stage, rocking and swaying like a drunken thing, swept up the main, moonlighted street of N——, straight ahead to the illuminated barracks—dashed up, made a matchless curve around, while from top and back and inside spouted tall people and short people, as if a huge torpedo, mostly stuffed with men, had exploded.

There was a strange, amazed silence, which fell upon the before noisy crowd—the coal-black horses, with that odd handkerchief of white crossing the face of the near leader—then Ned Darlingford broke the spell:

"Give him three times three, boys; old Max, of Pason & Dowling's line."

"Three cheers for Max Kennedy, dead or alive," broached a voice in the crowd, and the startled echoes leaped from house to house, as large and small, the front ranks and the rear, came after each other in three frantic, unmelodious, but demonstrative, huzzahs, seven-eighths of them not knowing whether they were yelling at the moon, the forthcoming supper, or at each other.

Max—brawny, two hundred-pound Max—laughing, shouting, protesting vainly, was lifted upon the shoulders of some herculean fellows, and thus rode triumphantly into the presence of the feast, and stood upon a suspicious looking cask, where in five minutes he had explained matters.

"With half a dozen wounds I crawled off in the grass that night, after I found that all the poor fellows were down and didn't answer my call. Being alive at early dawn, I left some of my garments on, or about a poor hashed up body, so as to mislead any of the murderers if they chanced to return. Then I resolved to get my traps together again and ride on this line. For months I have hunted—I have trailed my animals from the Black Hills to the country west of the Staked Plain. Wherever I found one of my Ethiopians I seized him by virtue of prior claim. I have brought them in one by one; it has taken me months, but there they are, gentleman, and I am on the line again between Dowling's Station and Fort H——."

He was here interrupted by another round of cheers, and afterwards all went "merry as a marriage bell."

After supper the band—consisting of a fair amount of "field pieces"—blew their sweetest strains, and not a lighter, gayer pair of heels stirred the dust in the barrack-yard than that encased in the moccasins of Buns. His foamy snarl of hair tossed and swaggered in the evening wind; and Charon was there, brought in from fifty miles beyond the fort at Elsie Barbour's request.

Elsie was the most sombre figure in that gay flittering company. She hovered closely about Buns, watching his exuberant spirits with a half smile dimpling her sad face.

While the revelry was at its height, a small group was drawn aside in a secluded nook in the barracks. It was a sort of green-room gotten up for the occasion, as festoons of evergreens and fragrant wreaths drooped on every side.

Elsie's sweetly modulated voice was speaking. She held the hard, browned hand of the scout in her's, and she was talking rapidly.

"My dear, good Buns, you know that I never can repay the debt which I owe you, but Providence has placed in my hands a means of expressing my gratitude. My brother, before his death, was well acquainted with the facts—Charon, at his request, traveled a long distance to visit him, and he, Charon, tells me that he arrived at the settlement of Barbourville, or to the site of the settlement on the most important business the morning after its destruction, to find himself thus thwarted in a distressing manner. For the last few weeks I have given my whole attention; I have spared neither time nor money—and, believe me, it has been a labor of grateful interest to now be able," and she motioned waiting Charon to advance, "to place in your's the hand of your long lost boy. Here upon his neck," and she lifted the thick, black hair, "you will find the birth-mark to identify him. Question him, also; and here are a few slight mementoes which he treasured during all his captivity."

A buckle and one or two small trinkets were produced and placed in the hand of the scout, which he on the instant recognized.

The red rangers had taken the trifles from the boy time and again, but he managed each time to track and recover them, and, finally, they lay hidden in a cavern fissure in the Black Hills, for the boy planned to some time make his escape and search for his lost friends; but when he had grown to manhood's years he had become so accustomed to the free, wild, adventurous life of the scout, that he rather shrank from investigating his antecedent, lest they might seek to force upon him the yoke of civilization, or what would be equally as bad, shrink from owning him at all.

Somehow in Edward Barbour's intercourse with Buns—whose civilized appellation had sunk into oblivion under the border nomenclature—he had from his lips an account of his early trials, losses and afflictions, finished by the assertion that he should hunt for his boy as long as he lived, and giving a description of the birth-mark by which he could identify him. While Barbour was soldiering at the fort, Charon became known to him, and the tradition that he was neither Indian nor half-breed, although by a long series of years spent among them he had acquired many of their habits and their manner of speech. The thought did not enter his mind at the time that there was anything in the tale, for then he had not learned the old scout's story; but after he had settled at the little place bearing his name, a conviction dawned upon him that the two were father and son—he fancied that he could find a resemblance in their features—and so soon as he could accomplish it, he got word to Charon that he wished earnestly to see him. He came to the place as soon as the request reached him, but came too late, as we have shown.

Neither the old scout nor Charon for a moment doubted the relationship pointed out. There was no great demonstration; they only held each other's hand, and by and by Buns exclaimed:

"I've dun sum sharp huntin' after ye, Sharing—yer Willie ter me, boy—an' bim by, wen huming natur hez amost gin out, Providents with seemuntly malice a pre-thought an' a fourpence, brung us tergether. Wall, Sharing, I'm none sorry, az marters stan, that our trade an' ockerpastion is simuller, we'll hunt in couples, in futur, Sharing; but yer must expect me ter call yer Willie sum what."

"Will'ee? I no forget ther name Willee," said Charon, his laconic style; "but ole chief that stole me call me Charon, an' down yonder as the Texan Fox; yer may hav 'em all yer like."

"That's a honorable, suttingly, Sharing; an' now heven't we suthin' to say to our ole cronies? Meanwhile, my leetle gall," to Elsie, "fust an' last I've rescued five women from among their different tribes of Izreal—I've did sum hard fitin' and spilt a considerable of red blud outer sores that hurt like death; but, gall, at one stroke, ye've paid it all—every jot an' tittle; God bless yer!"

For the first time the old scout carried his sleeve across his eyes.

"Bring out Charon. Where's the Texas Fox?" was the call, for as soon as this the tale had flown around the barrack's yard, and nothing would satisfy the crowd until father and son were mounted upon an impromptu platform; when another salvo of shouts were fired, and the band crashed into a triumphal march, and a few romantic couples waltzed upon the dun turf, and while Charon holds aloft his red plumed hat, acknowledging and returning the benediction of the crowd, and the soft white moonlight rests in undiminished glory over the busy, bustling town, and the wide waste of plain; can we do better than to take our hats and steal noiselessly away from the scene?

THE END.

SCOTCH PECULIARITIES.

If you remark to an old Scotsman that "It's a good day," his usual reply is, "Aweel, sir, I've seen waur." Such a man does not say his wife is an excellent woman. He says, "She's no' a bad body." A buxom lass, smartly dressed, is "No' sae vera unpurpose-like." The richest and rarest viands are "No' sae bad." The best acting and the best singing are designated as "No' bad." A man noted for his benevolence is "No' the warst man i' the worilt." A Scotsman is always afraid of expressing unqualified praise. He suspects that if he did so, it would tend to spoil the object of his laudations, if a person, male or female, old or young; or, if that object were a song, a picture, a piece of work, a landscape, or such, that those who heard him speak so highly of it would think he had never in his life seen or heard anything better, which would be an imputation on his knowledge of things. "Nil admirari" is not exactly the motto of the normal Scotsman. He is quite ready to admire admirable things, but yet loth to admit, even by inference, that he has never witnessed or experienced anything better. Indeed, he has always something of the like kind which he can quote to show that the person, place, or thing in question is only comparatively good, great, clever, beautiful or grand. Then, when anybody makes a remark, however novel, that squares with a Scotsman's ideas, he will say, "That's juist what I've often thoucht!" "That's exactly ma way o' thinking!" "That's juist what I aye say!" "That's juist what I was actually on the point o' sayin'!"

A DANCE WITHOUT A SMILE.—They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his cap, and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent, the youth advances, takes a corner of the kerchief in his hand, and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords, and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure; and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by the spectators to the lassie who, in all that summer revelry, has never spoken and never smiled!

WHEN!

BY EVELYN FOREST.

Something in either heart unspoken,
Only a glance of the tell-tale eyes—
Of Love's dear secret a startling token,
Given by a witness that never lies!

Then we parted, his brave ship sailing
Over the breakers, thro' mist and rain;
Autumn winds round the bleak cliffs wailing,
Night's wild longing—day's weary pain.

Winter is past, but my heart is breaking,
Summer is coming over the sea;
All things living to new life waking—
When will my lover come back to me?

PALE GREEN.

BY L. H. H.

It came about in this wise:

We never had thought of taking boarders before; but after brother James died, and we were left two lone women, sister Susan and I, in that great, rambling house, with such quantities of fruit in the orchard, and cows which we could not bear to sell, and so many spare rooms on our hands, sister Susan said to me:

"Suppose we do?"

And as I always think the same as Susan, I said:

"Very well."

So we put an advertisement in a newspaper, this being about the middle of April; and we had plenty of applications, but none that we exactly liked, for, as we were not obliged to take boarders on account of the money, and were only going to do it for a change, and for something to do, and for the sake of having some nice company with us, you see we were rather particular.

The first people who applied were young married folks, with twin babies and a wet-nurse; so we decided at once that they would not do, for what with the babies crying, and the wet-nurse's airs, we knew we should be driven half-distracted. The next was a clergyman and his wife, who wanted to have half the house and to pay next to nothing; and then came a fine lady in reduced circumstances, a Mrs. Witherspoon by name, who asked us how many servants we kept, and if she could have a cup of chocolate served in her room at ten o'clock, and a six o'clock dinner, and if our chambermaid could dress her hair, and so on, till we made up our minds that she would not do either.

We were just on the point of giving up the whole thing altogether, and of taking our advertisement out of the paper, when Mr. Langley called to see us, and asked to look at our rooms.

We liked his looks, that is both Susan, and I did, from the very first. He was so nicely dressed, not finicky or dandified in the least, but in the very best black broadcloth, with just a thread of gold watch-chain shining on his vest, and a great onyx seal-ring on his little finger; no other jewelry—no studs, nor pins, nor big, chunking seals and charms hanging to his watch. He was very nice looking, though rather pale and thin, very tall, with light gray eyes and lightish brown hair; quite the gentleman, too, in his manners, which, seeing that Susan and I are of as good a family as any in the land, we were a little more particular about.

He looked at the rooms we had to offer, and talked to us so pleasantly, while he was going round the house, that we were both quite taken with him. Finally, he decided upon engaging the large front room, with the view over the river. It was a good big, airy room, and I think he could not have made a better choice; but the paper on the walls was not so pretty as it might have been, thought it had been very gay once, being all over lilac roses, and blue parrots, and green hollyhocks; but the colors had faded, and the blue in the parrots was apt to come off if one rubbed against the wall, or brushed one's clothes against it. So I saw Mr. Langley looking up at the walls rather doubtfully, and I said, at once:

"The paper is faded, sir, and I'm sorry for that, but it is clean."

"Yes, my dear lady, yes," he made answer, still looking around; "but before I decide on this room, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course you may, sir," I made answer, and wondering what was coming next.

"Well, then, will you feel offended if I offer to have this room put in order and decorated a little before I take it? You see, it is for my wife, whose health is not very strong; and, besides, I am obliged to leave her having to go abroad on business, and I want her to have things bright and cheerful around her. Your room is charming, perfectly charming; but the paper is a little faded, and is not quite lively enough for my tastes. I am a great believer in pleasant surroundings; so, with your permission, my dear ladies—of course, with your permission—I will have a little painting and papering done, and a curtain or two put up, and then I think my dear Emily will be happy and content here through the summer."

We were quite disappointed at not having him himself for a boarder, he was so pleasant and cheery, and he had such lovely manners. Of course we did not refuse to let him have the room done up at his own expense, for, as sister Susan remarked, it would be all the better for it, and we none the worse.

So the matter was settled, and the room was engaged, and Mr. Langley bade us good-bye, saying that he would return in about a week. We thought we were lucky to have got it all settled so pleasantly, that is, as sister Susan said, if Mrs. Langley only turned out to be as nice as her husband.

In the course of next week Mr. Langley came back, bringing with him quite an army of paperhangers and painters. We were anxious, of course, to see the paper, and so he brought us a piece to look at. I never saw such pretty paper before or since. It was a lovely pale-green velvet, with a small gold leaf dotted over it, and it must have cost a mint of money, for velvet paper is, as everybody knows, the highest priced of all papers, and the color, though quite light, was very brilliant and beautiful.

When it was put up, and the window-frames and doors painted white, with little lines of green, we scarcely knew our own room, it looked so bright and cheerful.

Next he sent an upholsterer, who brought curtains and bed-furniture, all of a pale-green tarletan, and he fitted up the windows and the dressing-table with these light, airy-looking draperies, tied back with pink ribbons, so that the room looked all green and shiny, like an opening in the woods with the sun glinting through the leaves.

Then he sent in a writing-table, and a work-table, and a case of books, and some pictures, and bronze figures, and a clock, and so many other little matters that Susan grew quite cross before they were all unpacked and arranged. However, when all was done, the room did look as pretty as a picture; and we both said, what a good husband Mr. Langley must be to take so much trouble to please his wife, and to make her comfortable.

Early in June Mrs. Langley arrived, accompanied by her husband, and with any quantity of trunks. She was a nice-looking lady, about twenty-seven or eight years old, I should think, tall and slim, and with very dark eyes and hair; but it did not seem to me that she was at all sickly-looking. On the contrary, she had a good, fresh color, and her eyes were as bright as diamonds.

I went upstairs with them to see if everything was in order. Mrs. Langley seemed quite charmed with her room, and looked at all the furniture, and admired the new paper greatly; then she turned to her husband, and said:

"Ah! Richard, you have taken a great deal of trouble to please me, and to make me comfortable and happy for the summer. When you come back, may not things be changed? May we not begin a new life together then?"

And she put her two hands round her husband's arm, and clasped them there, and she looked up in his face with a sort of sad, appealing expression. I thought, too, that I saw a tear glisten in her eye.

"Yes, Emily," he said, hurriedly, "we will indeed—a new life."

And he stooped down and kissed her on the forehead.

I went downstairs and left them alone.

Mr. Langley stayed to dinner, but he would not stop all night, as he was to sail the very next day, and had to be on board the steamer very early in the morning.

So he went away quite early in the evening, and there was a very sad leave-taking between him and his wife, but he promised to write to her every week, and to be back by the end of October at farthest.

"And, Emily," he said, impressively, "remember that you have promised to stay here, and to content yourself in this quiet country place till I return."

"You know I have no one to visit," she answered, rather sadly. "I have promised, Richard, and it will not be hard for me to keep my promise. I have my books, and writing, and drawing to amuse me; and my own thoughts for companions, dismal as such company may sometimes be."

So he went away, and Mrs. Langley went upstairs to her own room, and we saw her no more that evening.

But the next day she came down, wearing such a pretty morning dress, and looking rather pale, but declaring that she had slept well, and saying so many kind things about the view from the window and the fine trees, and our comfortable beds, and the cream and butter, and the delicacies on the breakfast-table, that I felt quite set up; and sister Susan took to her directly.

The first few weeks after she came the weather was perfectly lovely; neither too hot, nor chilly, nor damp, and Mrs. Langley spent most of her time out of doors, either sitting on the piazza, working, or under the trees, with a book, or else taking long rambles all by herself, or with our big Newfoundland dog, Don, for company. Don was a good creature, and got to be perfectly devoted to her; and no wonder, for she petted and talked to him so much; besides which, as sister Susan used to say, Don was quite a good judge of character, and she knew, by his taking so to Mrs. Langley, that she was a lady. And so she was, never exacting or troublesome, but always cheerful, and pleasant, and ready to be pleased with everything and everybody.

About the tenth of July we had the first very hot spell of the season. The weather was just dreadful, and we none of us had strength to get about the house hardly. As for Mrs. Langley, she used to lie all day on the bed in her room, with the window-shutter nearly closed, drinking ice-water and fanning herself. She said the heat had a different effect on her than usual, it sickened and oppressed her so. She used to come down every evening, dressed in a white wrapper, and looking ill and pale, with great dark rings round her eyes, and complaining constantly of headache. Up to that time she had looked quite well, and the air of our place had seemed to agree with her wonderfully; but the heat now seemed just to wither her up.

The heated term lasted about two weeks, and after that there followed a northeast rain-storm, and a long, chilly spell, which did not come to an end for over ten days. Mrs. Langley was glad of the change at first, and we thought she would soon get back her strength and her color; but somehow her health did not seem to improve, but rather to get worse. She spent most of her time in her own room, drawing, or reading, or writing, and every day she seemed to get paler, and to suffer more from oppression and headache.

The weather in August was pleasing and Mrs. Langley kept about a good deal, and seemed better; but about the first of September there came some really cold, dreary days, with rain and fogs, with northwest winds, and after that her headaches seemed to come on worse than ever. I persuaded her to have a fire in her room, and she let me have one put there, but it seemed to do her no good. She got paler and paler, and used to complain that she felt blind and dizzy with headache nearly always.

After a while she gave up coming down stairs at all, except for her meals and a little while in the evening. She would lie all day on the bed, with a wet handkerchief on her forehead, too ill and weak and in too much pain to read or work or even to sit up.

She was very loth to let us send for a physician; but at last she did allow us to call in our own good Dr. Simpson, who felt her pulse and looked at her tongue, and asked about her symptoms. She told him about her headache and oppressed breathing, and the horrid metallic taste she had in her mouth, so he said she must be bilious, and prescribed blue pill. But it did her no good. And at last both Susan and I began to get really frightened about her.

Not that she seemed to have anything definite the matter with her. That was the worst of it. It was not fever, nor liver complaint, nor heart disease, nor dyspepsia, and nothing seemed to do her any good.

She grew worse and worse. Soon she could not come down to her meals, and we got to taking them up to her. Very little it was that she ate, for she said that the bad taste in her mouth seemed to keep her sick all the time, and to make her loathe the very sight of food. We had everything we could think of cooked for her, but she seemed to fancy nothing; and, finally, she took to living almost altogether on beef tea and our rich cream.

Dr. Simpson came several times to see her, and prescribed for her two or three kinds of medicine, but they did not seem to help her at all. I could not get her to let me send to the city for a doctor.

"No," she said. "I consulted one when I went to town last month, and he said that all that I wanted was country air, rest, and good food, and I have had all that here."

But one day sister Susan went up to her with a letter and found her lying insensible. It was not a fainting fit; it was a strange, heavy stupor, and she was so long in coming out of it, that we thought at first she was dying.

That night we both sat up with her, and the next morning Susan put on her bonnet and said she was going straight to the city for the best doctor she could find.

"For," she said, "Martha, it would never do if this poor lady were to die, and it were to be said that a the city doctor could have saved her. You see we think the world of Dr. Simpson, but other folks think a deal of the city doctors. Besides, I am afraid the disease she has is catching, whatever it is."

"Catching!" I cried out, in perfect horror. "Susan, you don't say so!"

"Yes, indeed I do," she answered, "for, since I have been sitting with her so much, I begin to feel bad myself, and I have just the same queer taste in my mouth, and just the same dull headaches that she complained of at first. So my mind is made up, and I'll have a good doctor, whether or not."

"How will you find out one?" I asked.

"I'll go to a good chemist, and I'll ask him which doctor is the cleverest at finding out what ails people. Then I'll bring him back with me, no matter what he asks for coming. Do you look after Mrs. Langley, and take care of the house. Perhaps I'll not be back until to-morrow."

I shall never forget that long, dreary day. It rained, off and on, nearly the whole day, and Mrs. Langley seemed so weak and ill, that I did not dare to leave her.

Toward nightfall I began to feel ill myself. I thought it must be sitting in that close room, for the wind was so cold and damp, and the rain came in so, that I had to shut down all the windows. Anyhow, I began to feel very bad. My head ached, and my breathing seemed oppressed, and there was a nasty taste in my mouth; besides which, such a nausea came over me, that I felt as though the very sight of food would sicken me.

"Oh, dear!" I thought, "maybe Mrs. Langley's illness is catching, as Susan thought. What on earth shall I do?"

I felt quite frightened and weak at the idea. However, when I went down stairs to see after Mrs. Langley's cup of tea, I took some myself, and was freshened up for a while, though my head still ached. I was very much afraid that Mrs. Ladgley was going to have a very bad night of it. But I opened her windows, and aired her room thoroughly, and she seemed better after this, and rather brightened up.

"You have been very good to me, Miss Price," she said, more than once, "and if I live, I'll not forget it."

"Come! come! you must not talk that way," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "You will be all right by the time Mr. Langley comes home."

For the last letter she had got from him was to say that he would be back by the first of November at the very latest, and September was now more than half over.

She turned her face from me with a stifled sigh—poor, pale, wasted face that it was—and she never said a word. Such an attentive husband, too, and such a nice man. I did not see why she did not brighten up at the very thought.

She slept well the early part of that night, and so I thought I could leave her. About one o'clock I went to my own room and fell into a comfortable sleep.

When I waked in the morning my headache was nearly gone. I bustled about, and tidied up Mrs. Langley's room, so that it might look neat when the doctor came; and I brushed out all her beautiful dark hair, and braided it for her, and I coaxed her into taking a cup of coffee and two new-laid eggs for breakfast. She was able to get up after that, and have on her wrapper, and I wheeled her arm-chair close to the open window. It was a beautiful, bright morning, after the rain; not too cool, but fresh and pleasant; and Mrs. Langley said that the air seemed to do her good.

About twelve o'clock in came Susan, looking flushed and tired, but very well satisfied with her day's work; and with her came a tall, elderly gentleman, with very gray hair, and a pair of keen, dark eyes, sharp as needles, and quick as a flash. She introduced him to me as Dr. John Meadows. I wanted him to take some lunch, or at least a piece of cake, after his ride, but he cut short my offers in a sort of a sharp, decided way, saying:

"Nothing whatever, madam, if you please. I should prefer seeing the patient at once."

So I took him up to Mrs. Langley's room, while Susan went to take off her bonnet. I felt quite proud of the pretty room as I showed him into it. Everything was in such nice order, and the beautiful color of the paper set off the flowers on the mantelpiece, and the green curtains were looped back so as to let in the light.

I saw the doctor cast one quick glance round the room and then he went up to Mrs. Langley and began to ask her about her symptoms. I thought, perhaps, she might talk to him more freely if I were not there, and so I went out and busied myself in dusting off the staircase and window-sill. But suddenly the doctor called for me, and I ran back into the room, and there lay Mrs. Langley in a dead faint. It was a real fainting fit this time, and we brought her to after a little; but she burst into tears and sobbed bitterly when she came to herself; and the doctor seemed quite bewildered at her emotion and a little put out.

"Now, my dear lady," he said, in his quick, decided way, "you must be moved into another room at once. You must not remain here another hour."

I rather wondered at that; but I said: "Very good. Mrs. Langley can have my room, and I'll come and sleep here instead."

"No, that won't do," he said, sharply. "No one must occupy this room till I give them leave. Who furnished the paper for it?"

"Paist & Stycker, I think. Mr. Langley saw to all himself."

"Mr. Langley? Oh, have you any pieces of the paper about?"

"Yes, I kept several scraps of it, it was so very pretty."

"Go, fetch me a piece, please."

I went to get it, and found a roll, which I gave him.

He went off by the next train, after seeing Mrs. Langley installed in my room, and the door of her own closed and locked.

He left a prescription for her also and said he would be back in a day or two.

He came back two days afterward, and the first thing he said was:

"How is the patient?"

"Better, but very weak, and in dreadfully low spirits," said Susan.

"I think we shall get her through this time. And, now, do you want to know what ailed her?"

"Yes, indeed, we do," both Susan and I said, at once.

"She was dying by poison."

"Poison?"

We both sat down and stared at the doctor.

At last Susan cried out, half-angrily: "I'm sure she had just what we always ate ourselves, and as to cream and the beef-tea——"

"They were all that was good and wholesome, of that I have no doubt. Now, do not distress yourselves, or get into a fidget. You were neither of you to blame; the person who ordered the paper and curtains for that room was the only guilty one."

"How was that?" asked Susan, for I was too scared and too dazed to speak.

"The green color of the paper and the hangings is produced by arsenic. There was enough arsenic on the walls of that room to poison a regiment, and the atmosphere is surcharged with it, so that if the season had been winter, or if the summer had been cold and wet, so that Mrs. Langley had been obliged to keep her windows closed earlier, she would have died by this time. I analysed the roll of paper you gave me, and here," taking from his pocket a box containing a pinch or two of white powder, as he spoke, "is the result—pure arsenic, as you would find out did you taste a little of it."

"I never heard the like!" I cried, in amazement.

"Probably you did not," said the doctor, dryly, putting the box back into his pocket; "but many persons are aware that that peculiar shade of green is vulgarly called 'arsenic green.'"

"I do not think Mr. Langley could have known anything about it," I said, eagerly; "he was such a charming man."

"Very possibly not," said the doctor, in a still drier tone. "But, considering that he persuaded his wife (she is a great heiress, and she married him against the wishes of all her friends) into making a will, last spring, leaving him the whole of her large fortune, and that he went off abroad, after fitting up that pretty room for her to occupy, I think that the circumstances are rather suspicious."

Mrs. Langley was very ill for several weeks after that; but she gradually got better, and when her health was quite restored she went away to join her family and friends.

Mr. Langley came back early in November, but he got a reception on which he had not calculated, for an uncle of Mrs. Langley, instigated by Dr. Meadows, took the matter in hand, and threatened to prosecute him for an attempt at murder.

They had plenty of evidence against him, for the foreman at Paist & Stycker's was ready to swear to his having been warned about the pernicious character of the paper; besides which, Dr. Meadows hunted up a chemist, to whom Mr. Langley had taken samples of the paper and tarletane to have them analysed before he bought them.

Mr. Langley, therefore, started to go back with as brief delay as possible. The ship he selected was a French Steamer, and she was sunk in mid-ocean by a collision with a sailing vessel. Very few of the passengers were saved, and among that few was not Mr. Richard Langley. So he got his deserts even in this world.

Mrs. Langley was very grateful to us for what she was pleased to call all our kindness, and she made us beautiful presents when she went away.

And the other day we got a box of wedding-cake and cards as well, and on the cards were "Dr. and Mrs. John Meadows," and written in pencil, underneath the last name, were the words, "Formerly Mrs. Langley."

We have had the walls of our room scraped, and we have bought a new paper, as much like the old as possible, only you may be sure there is not a bit of pale green about it.

AN INDIAN STORY.

There is an Eastern story which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel, to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take herself across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tallest and largest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never pause in her path, or to step backward in search of her object. In proportion to the size and richness of the ear she gathered, so would be its power as a talisman. She went out upon her quest, says the legend; and entered upon the field. Many a tall stalk of surpassing excellence met her glance, but she still walked onward, expecting always to find some one more excellent still. At last she reached a portion of the field where the crops were thinner and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pick those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward; on the margin of the field they were mildewed; and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain, she emerged on the other side without having gathered any ear whatever. The genius rebuked her for her folly, but we are not told that he gave her an opportunity of retrieving her error. We may apply this mystic little Indian fable to the realities of daily life.

It is the nature of man to be displeased with everything that disappoints a favorite hope or flattering project; and it is the folly of too many of them, to condemn without investigating circumstances.

In the long run, a tried and proved character for truth, honor, and honesty is the best capital, and gives the largest interest.

BREAD-MAKING IN SPAIN.

About six miles from Seville is situated the pretty and highly picturesque village of Alcala de Guadaira, which supplies the City of Oranges with bread. Let us halt for a brief period at the house of our worthy friend Panaderos, and watch the preparation of that delightful compound, which every traveler in the south of Spain has remarked as being so pleasant to the eye, so agreeable to the taste, and nourishing to the system. His wife and daughters are seated on low benches in the porch, sorting the wheat, which they separate both carefully and with expedition, consigning every objectionable grain to a basket reserved for the purpose. Singing some musical old ballad, and laughing merrily as they continue their light and pleasant employment, their lustrous eyes, blushing cheeks, pearly teeth, neatly braided hair, scrupulously clean, small hands, and bright, fanciful attire, remind one of the pretty little tea-pickers of China, warbling their favorite Mob-li-Hwa or Jasmin Flower amidst their heaps of Congou.

When ready, the wheat is passed through a mill on the premises, driven by a blindfolded mule, having a string of bells attached to its neck, which keeps up a monotonous tinkling so long as it paces its round, and when it stops to rest, it is again set in motion by the cry, "Arre, mula." The whole arrangement is as primitive, simple and unpretending as that in use, according to delineations on Egyptian sculptures, two thousand years ago. The resulting flour is passed through three sieves of different degrees of fineness, the wires of the last being so close together that only the pure flour is sifted through. Evening is the time for bread-making at Alcala de Guadaira, when the female portion of the community may be seen in their own houses making dough, into which, in contradistinction to our method, only a minute quantity of leaven is introduced. The dough, being ready, is placed in bags, and conveyed on the backs of mules to the great village oven, which is conveniently situated so as to accommodate the thrifty housewives around.

It is there divided into three-pound lumps, which are tossed on a long narrow table. These are immediately seized by a multitude of sturdy brown bakers, who knead each portion with all their strength for about four minutes, passing it on from one to another, until it has gone under the knuckles of all. Immediately on leaving the kneading table, where the lumps have, as a final process, been shaped into loaves, they are transferred to the oven. It is heated with wood, mingled with twigs of sweet marjoram and thyme, vast quantities of which cover the adjoining hill slopes, scenting the air with their rich perfume. There being no fire under the oven, the bread is never burned, the hottest period being when the loaves are introduced, which, being full of moisture, quickly acquire a crust that protects the crumb.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

The best time to eat fruit is half an hour before breakfast.

If feeling cold before going to bed, exercise; do not roast over a fire.

For the cure of frozen feet there is nothing equal to a mixture of turpentine and camphor gum.

To Restore the Color of Black Kid Boots.—Take a small quantity of good blank ink, mix it with the white of an egg, and apply it to the boots with a soft sponge.

To Write in Silver.—Mix one ounce of the finest pewter or block tin, and two of quicksilver together, till both become fluid, then grind it with gum water, and write with it. The writing will then look as if done with silver.

Green Ink.—A fine green ink may be prepared by boiling a mixture of two parts of verdigris in eight parts of water, with one of cream of tartar, till the total bulk be reduced to one half. The solution must then be poured through a cloth, cooled and bottled for use.

To Stop Bleeding.—It is said that the bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

Etching on Ivory.—The ivory must be first covered with wax, or, what is better, the following composition: Two ounces of asphalte, one ounce of white resin, half an ounce of white wax; either of the grounds being applied, the figure or pattern must be traced through it; the surface must then be covered with strong sulphuric or muriatic acid. After the operation the wax may be washed away with turpentine.

The Teeth.—Decay of the teeth is really caused by their being dissolved by acids generated in the mouth by the decomposition of small particles of food. It is clear, therefore, that the only method of preventing this is to apply the brush immediately after every meal. Soap is the best substance to use on a brush, though it is advisable occasionally to use a rather rough powder of some kind to keep the teeth in brilliant polish.

Cure for Neuralgia.—Sulphate of quinine, twenty grains; elixir of vitriol, one drachm; dissolve the quinine in the elixir and add tincture of black cohash, fourteen drachms; mix and give twenty drops in a tablespoonful of water every two hours. Also the following liniment will be found beneficial: Chloroform, one ounce; tincture of aconite, one ounce; tincture of camphor, one ounce; laudanum, one ounce; rub over the parts affected two or three times a day.

To Preserve Milk.—Provide bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet and dry. Put the milk warm from the cow into these bottles, and as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with wire. Then spread a little straw on the bottom of a boiler, on which place the bottles, with straw between them. Fill it up with cold water. Heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles, and pack them away in sawdust, and put in a cool place, but where the milk will not freeze. Milk preserved in this way will keep perfectly sweet for years.

News of Interest

A dock yard for building ironclads is to be constructed at Foochow, China.

The fair sex in England and Wales outnumber the male element by over half a million.

A fund of forty thousand dollars is said to have been guaranteed by parties in this country and in Europe for a trans-Atlantic balloon voyage in the autumn.

The French Society of Veterinary Surgeons recommend, for the prevention of hydrophobia, a police regulation to compel all owners of dogs and cats to notify the authorities whenever their pets are low-spirited or apparently ill.

An amateur medical authority sent to a Boston paper the following simple method of curing rheumatism. He says: "Drive it from the legs to the arms, down the arms to the hands, thence crowd it into one finger, and then have that finger cut off."

It is related that a colored girl of Oglethorpe county, Ga., was married when eleven years of age, and had a child when she was twelve. At the age of twelve that child was a mother, making the woman a grandmother when she was twenty-four years old.

In this country twenty-one States have free schools, and in nine education is compulsory. The national government has appropriated 140,000,000 acres of land, and established a Board of Education. The 14,500,000 children of school age in the country employ 221,000 teachers, and cost $95,000,000 annually. Pennsylvania has 10,000 school-houses, 18,000 teachers, and $28,000,000 of school property, increasing $2,000,000 annually for her 1,200,000 children. In the last eight years the expenditure for such schools has average $9,000,000.

It is thought that the subscriptions for the Agassiz Museum, at Harvard, will soon reach the desired amount of $200,000, thus making it possible to draw the $50,000 appropriated by Massachusetts. With this $250,000 new halls are to be built, new facilities for instruction are to be provided, and the classification and arrangement of the museum is to be carried forward much further than it was at Agassiz's death. Eventually all the branches of natural history are to have their museums and lecture rooms on the square, near Divinity Hall, where the museum stands, and the Peabody Ethnological Museum is to be built in the same locality.

Emigration to America having very much decreased of late, the Berlin government, who have long looked with disfavor upon the steady diminution of the national resources involved in the movement, have determined to profit by the present opportunity for stemming the tide. The two principal measures to be adopted are the dismemberment of a portion of the immense crown lands of Prussia, and the prohibition to enlist emigrants on foreign account at a premium of so much per head. By the former measure poor people are to be enabled to acquire a few acres and a house which they may call their own, the latter step being intended to put a final stop to the business of Brazilian and other foreign agents bent upon luring people into misery. There is no doubt that this determination of the Prussian government will shortly begin to be felt in America and elsewhere.

The Lighthouses of the United States.—The coast of the United States, from the St. Croix River in Maine, to the Rio Grande in the Gulf of Mexico, includes a distance of 5000 miles, while that of the Pacific coast, exclusive of Alaska, is about 1500 miles. The coast of our northern lakes is about 3000 miles in extent, while that of the large inland rivers, as far as under the supervision of the Lighthouse Board, is some 700 miles, making a grand total coast line of over 10,000 miles, far surpassing that of any other nation on the globe. The number of lighthouses and lighted beacons along this coast line is 630; lightships, 25; fog-signals operated by steam or hot-air engines, 40; day or unlighted beacons, 350; total, 1045, being one beacon for every ten miles of coast. Besides this, there are 3000 buoys in position to indicate banks, rocks, and other obstructions in channels of navigation.

The following ingenious arrangement of a good precept may be read in over two thousand ways without altering the original words, by beginning at the letter R, which will be found in the centre of the diamond:

```
          e
         eve
        evive
       evilive
      evil&live
     evil&t&live
    evil&tn&t&live
   evil&tnen&t&live
  evil&tnepen&t&live
 evil&tnepeRepen&t&live
  evil&tnepepen&t&live
   evil&tnepen&t&live
    evil&tn&t&live
     evil&t&live
      evil&live
       evilive
        evive
         eve
          e
```

Facts About the Bible.—A prisoner condemned to solitary confinement obtained a copy of the Bible, and, by three years' careful study, obtained the following facts: The Bible contains 3,686,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1189 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,377 times. The word Lord occurs 1855 times. The word reverend occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter J. The finest chapter to read is the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker, Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, April 17, 1875.

Vol. 54, No. 38.---Contents.

First Page.
Poem—Early Flowers.
Hard Times. Chapters IV, V, VI.
Second Page.
Hard Times, cont'd.
Poem—Waiting.
Charan, The Red Fox, conclusion.
Third Page.
Form—When?
Pale Green.
Rebuffs.
News of Interest.
Fourth Page.
Conquest of Difficulties
Poem—Now and Then.
Marion.
Saturday Evening Sketches, No. 5.
Calamities of Genius.
Fifth Page.
Fashion's Column—The Fairy Smelling Bottle.
Poem—Spring is Coming.
The Renegade Chief; or, The Trail of the Scarlet Seven. Chapters XIII, XIV, XV.
Sixth Page.
The Renegade Chief, continued.
Gathering to Doom. Chapter XVIII.
Our Own Sphinx.
Facetiæ.
Seventh Page.
Corny O'Sullivan's Fortune.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
Boudoir—Fashion Notes and Queries.
Poem—To Belinda Jane.
Sword and Saddle; or, Young America in Mexico. No. 8.
Correspondents' Bureau.
Answers to all Inquirers.

CONQUEST OF DIFFICULTIES.

Between any desirable object and its individual possession there are always difficulties, and these are necessarily proportioned to the greatness or value of the object desired. Things of but little moment are easily secured, but those of importance require the conquest of difficulties. To reach the summit of the Alps with his veteran army was to crown the Great Napoleon's campaign against his enemies with complete success; but to do this was to conquer difficulties—difficulties such as the sublime genius of a Napoleon only could grasp as within the range of the possible. The man of destiny rejected the *impossibility* of the thing, and the reader knows the result. Demosthenes had almost insuperable defects in speech, and yet his longing spirit was impatient to conquer his way to preeminence in oratory, which he did, proving thereby the old adage that "perseverance conquers all things." Adam Clark wore the dunce's cap at school over his blunders in Latin, until his ambition was stung to the quick, and raised to the sublime resolve that conquer he *would*; and his "Commentaries on the Scriptures," with other works of acknowledged erudition, remain as the monuments of his thorough success. His case is but one of thousands, showing, as Longfellow has so well said, that

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Energy and will always conquer success. Within the range of the possible the resolute, determined spirit cannot fail. What has ever been done by man—and what has he not done?—can be done again. Perseverance and energy have won their triumphs on every field of conflict—have won empire, learning, fame, power, wealth, everything—and can these qualities fail in men now when they are properly combined and put forth? Impossible. The road is open to the gains of wealth, the treasures of learning, the laurels of fame, or the exalted pleasures of piety as ever. There are obstacles in the way, perhaps "a lion" to the apprehension of the timid, nerveless spirit; but these may be conquered, as they have always been, by energy of will. Nothing can damp the ardor or prevent the triumph of the resolute, stout-hearted spirit. Conquer it must.

"Resolve
Shines over on the front of victory—
Resolve, that through the darkness
Goes right on, true to its purpose,
Pointing still forward to the flowery tops
Of Fame's great moveless mountains."

It is the plan of the Creator for man, by his own action, to make himself in his character and enjoyments. He has placed him in a world full of difficulties and obstacles in order that these may call out his noblest faculties and energies, and thus ennoble his life and make his fortune. Opposition makes the man who has the right element in him all the stronger and nobler. Many a name had never been illustrious in the world's eye or memory, but for the difficulties its possessor had to subdue in order to be great or good, as the case may be.

Imagine man in the world with no oppositions to overcome, no obstinate, adverse elements to master, what a passive, stagnant, inglorious life would be his. With powers of mind and body so fitted for the conquest of difficulties, his very being would drivel and become a thing of wretchedness and self-disgust. The all-wise Creator has given every man the weapons with which to conquer from arbitrary, opposing circumstance, his own comfort and happiness. To enjoy life and be happy is the aim of all human existence, and this presupposes the ability of man, with heaven's blessing, to remove the difficulties in the way. Were this not the case, he had been altogether otherwise endowed. Even in the night of disappointment and trial, the earnest, self-assured soul may raise its sublime philosophy in the beautiful words of the blind Milton:

"Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

Life is a battlefield, and if we would be either great or good, we must battle with its difficulties and evils, and battle with them till we conquer them. The elements of conquest are born with us, and if we but rightly use them, the victory must be ours.

Love is a heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness. Love is a chameleon, which draws nothing into the mouth but air, and nourishes nothing in the body but the tongue. A man has choice to begin love, but not to end it. Love-knots are tied with eyes, and cannot be untied with hands; made fast with thoughts, not to be unloosed with fingers.

There is something soothing and delightful in the recollection of a pure-minded woman's affection; it is the oasis in the desert of a worldly man's life, to which his feelings turn for refreshment, when wearied with the unhallowed passions of this working-day world.

NOW AND THEN.

BY ANNA MACKDON.

Birds are singing on bush and tree,
Singing a thousand loves and joys;
Once, it was music sweet to me,
Now, it seemeth only noise.
Ah! life's music fled with him!

Roses are blooming—once they were
Fairest of wonders that Nature weaves;
Now their perfume makes faint the air,
And, to me, they are just—red leaves.
Ah! life's beauty faded with him!

Daylight dies, and the stars arise,
Not as of old with hope-giving light;
Then, they looked loving, like human eyes,
Now, they are pitiless, cold, and bright.
Ah! the brightest star has set!

MARION.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

CHAPTER I.

LUCY'S DIARY.

Aug. 16th.—"I am very happy," were her parting words last night, but their accompanying sigh gave a direct contradiction to them. We know this proposed marriage is a marriage of convenience. In uniting the Frankland with the Istel estates, poor little Marion Frankland is mortgaging her dear self for the "honor" of her family.

We know that, years ago, Reuben Frankland became deeply involved. It was also well understood at the time, that Francis Istel, his near neighbor, was his principal creditor.

How the matter was settled, or by what means Reuben weathered the financial storm, we never thoroughly learned. Francis Istel was an avaricious, domineering man, who was not likely to wait long for the payment of money due to him, nor to lose an opportunity of enriching his estate at his neighbor's expense.

But yesterday it was announced that Marion—"Our Marion," as we always loved to call her—is engaged to be married to Robert Istel, Francis Istel's son.

"I am very happy," were her words; and we felt that Marion was "ours" no longer; the old confidence reposed in us, and which she now so greatly needs, has passed out of her existence.

We are Marion's most intimate friends. We were educated together, we passed our holidays together, and all of our maidenly troubles and odd fancies passed into each other's keeping. Marion long ago vowed that her dear friends, Lucy and Katie, were indispensable to her existence—I am Lucy, my sister is Kate.

We have schemed in our holidays, we two, as only women, or girls can scheme—all manner of ways and means, to bring Marion and our brother Mark together, and now, just as we imagined that our efforts would be crowned with success, she has informed us of her engagement to Francis Istel's son!

She extracted a promise from me that I would call at her father's residence this morning, and offered me a delicious *tete-a-tete*, but I much fear the time is past when I may be of service to those I love.

Aug. 17th.—It seems as if years were added to the span of my life since yesterday. What a terrible thing love is, after all! I sincerely hope it may never come to me.

Poor Marion! How deeply I pity her. I wish my brother Mark would return home. I am sure he would save her from this hateful marriage.

I witnessed a scene yesterday between Marion and her father. It happened in this way:

I called upon her according to my promise, and I was shown into Marion's own room. This room is in close proximity to her father's study.

I heard the sound of angry voices, and although I tried my utmost not to listen, I could not help overhearing the greater part of the conversation.

Marion and her father were engaged in angry, heartrending altercation.

"Father, I cannot," I distinctly heard her say. "You must not ask this of me."

"Marion, are you mad?" Mr. Frankland replied, passionately.

"Anything but this, father. Let me remain with you; do not force me to marry him."

"Marion," he said, in a more kindly tone, "I promised this marriage six years ago. I knew it would be to your interest as well as to mine."

"I never knew it," she answered, piteously; "I never knew it until a day or two ago."

"You were far too young to be consulted in the matter, even supposing that were necessary. Fortunately, the women of our family have ever been guided by the wishes of their parents."

"Have I not been so guided in everything? But in this I cannot; it is too late. Father, you must cancel this engagement."

"You do not know what you are talking about, Marion; it is impossible. I have a great liking for young Istel, and he will make a very devoted husband, I have no doubt. What further can you need?"

"I do not doubt it, father; still I cannot marry him—it would be sinful."

"Sinful?"

"I do not love him."

"I do not see that love has anything to do with the matter—we have passed the age of chivalry and romance. The world will fully sanction your union. Your positions are equal, and if you wish to be sentimental, there will be time enough for that when you are constantly thrown into each other's society."

"Would you have me promise to 'love' when there is no love, father? To 'cherish' him whom I abhor, and to 'obey' when my soul rebels against the unkind destiny which destroys my happiness? Father, it seems to me you have no *right* to pledge my future life in this way."

"It is useless our continuing the argument, Marion. Your duty as my daughter demands the ready compliance with my wishes. You will credit me with far greater experience in worldly matters than yourself, and as I have already intimated, were I ever so willing to withdraw, or to give you time even, it is quite impossible.

"Years ago, Marion, I stood upon the brink of ruin; my estates were mortgaged to their uttermost capacity, my neighbor, Istel, to oblige me, purchased the deeds which threatened me. He, too, speedily felt the difficulties of the financial crisis, or he told me so, which amounts to the same thing, and he threatened to foreclose. I had not the means of payment.

"Then Francis Istel proposed the union of our estates by your marriage with his son, and as I saw no possible objection, I readily agreed to your betrothal. The time has nearly arrived for the wedding to take place, and you must understand that it is inevitable—it is the only means by which either of us can escape from utter poverty and degradation."

"Better that, father; better by far," was Marion's reply, "than cause me to commit the shameful sin of marrying into a family which I shall ever look upon with loathing and disgust. Little dreamed I that my affection was bargained and sold as a thing to handle in the dirty fingers of trade, and to throw down as a makeweight to balance the scales of fortune! If Robert Istel is a man, he, too, will abominate the idea of such an union, and if he does not, you may depend upon this, father, I shall use my best endeavors, upon my first introduction to my future lord and master, to bring him to a sense of his duty."

"Indeed, Marion, you will do nothing of the kind."

"We shall see," she answered, and she left the room.

A moment later she threw herself into my arms, and told me all her grief.

"I said I was happy, Lucy," she said. "I did not then quite realize the full of misery that mocked my words."

I did not tell her how well I knew it. Hers was a grief that could not be soothed by words, however tenderly expressed, so I said nothing, but I placed my hands upon her forehead gently, and was thankful that her confidence was again reposed in poor little womanly me.

"I do love him so," she murmured. "Not Istel, but Mark, Lucy darling, though none of you ever guessed."

"Do you really mean what you say, Marion?" I was forced to exclaim. "This marriage must be prevented."

"If it can only be stayed—if it can *only* be stayed. Do you think Mark thinks of me sometimes?" she asked with an odd impatience, the offspring of hope and grief and misery combined.

"I am certain of it," I replied.

"I ought not to have told you, Lucy, but what can I do—what can I do?"

"Wait patiently until Mark returns," I answered. "I will write to him at once."

"But you must not tell him."

"Tell him what, Marion?"

"Of my love for him," she simply said.

"Well, I will let him find it out for himself. I will say that a lady friend of mine is in sad need of a true knight errant, and I have no doubt he will come at once. Seriously though, Marion, you must not fret. You are in no great danger at present. Young Istel is away, too, is he not?"

"Somewhere in Canada, I believe. I hope he will not hasten upon my account," was her disdainful reply.

Alas! I can see very little hope for her, poor soul, yet something must be done at once. I have written to Mark by to-night's mail. I wonder if he cares anything for her? Could I manage to plan an elopement between them? I must consult Kate.

CHAPTER II.

COMING HOME.

"Mark," ejaculated Robert Istel, suddenly, "I believe I'm getting tired."

"Tired?"

"Bored — wearied — ennuied — homesick—anything you can pick out of the vocabulary expressive of that condition of mind which whispers, 'I will go no further.'"

Some months before, Robert Istel, having completed an educational course at one of England's colleges, started upon a rambling tour throughout Canada (anything to delay the necessity of putting in an appearance at home), ostensibly for his health's sake.

At Toronto he met with Mark Hurley, similarly engaged, and the two being of a near age and like inclination, they traveled together until they arrived at the Falls, and they boarded at the same hotel.

"I don't know if I won't return home, too," mused Mark. "I guess my little sisters are waiting anxiously for me."

"Any one else waiting?" queried his companion.

"That is a question I cannot answer—if I thought so——"

"Wonder what sort of a reception *I* shall get?" said Istel. "Doesn't it strike you as something supremely ridiculous, Mark, that a man should be engaged to marry a woman whom he never saw?"

"You are jesting?"

"Am I? Wish I was. Haven't seen my intended since we were boys and girls together, or, to speak more correctly, since I was a boy, and she was very much too small to be taken for a woman matrimonially inclined."

"How in the name of wonder——?"

"Did it all come about, you are going to say. You must know that my father has a habit of forming very strong ideas of his own, and that he holds on to them through thick and thin. I'd rather pitch myself over those rocks yonder, into the tumult below, than fight against him and destiny. If you can bring your mind to understand that this old fogy, my father (who is a glorious father in other respects), has entered into a combination with some other old fogy of similar ideas, and that the matter was all arranged without the consent of the parties whom you and *I* would imagine to be principally interested, you have a pretty clear insight into the case."

"Shall you marry her?"

"I suppose so, unless she turns out to be a fright. She was an interesting little girl at six years old, I believe, and interesting young ladies at that age, generally do turn out frights or bluestockings or champions of feminine rights in their maturer years—in which case I sincerely hope that she will have spirit enough to ignore the contract. Fortunately, I am heart-whole at present, as the saying is, and if she really intends having me for a husband, I shall endeavor to sacrifice myself upon the altar with propriety and resignation."

"I am curious to learn the lady's name?"

"Marion—Marion Frankland."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Mark; "can this be true?"

"What is the matter, Mark? You look as if—— You don't mean to tell me that——"

"It is nothing," said Mark, with an effort. "I have met the lady—she is a friend of my sisters'—that is all."

"You are *in love* with her, Mark!—don't deny it, man. If that's the case, hang me if I don't make her hate and detest her intended husband ten minutes after our first interview. Does she return your affection?"

"I cannot say."

"Cheer up, Mark. I will do all I can for you, save flying in the face of the old man. I cannot do that, but the girl shall refuse me—depend upon it."

CHAPTER III.

LUCY'S DIARY.

Sept. 1st.—Mark has returned home, and the oddness of it all is, Robert Istel has accompanied him.

Kate has just asked me my opinion of Robert. I am sure I cannot answer her. He is so different to the impression I had formed of him—in manner, in appearance, in every way.

I fear I must have pictured him as a terrible ogre, who was coming to bear our Marion away.

They had let me into their secret! I am so glad! Mark loves Marion, and he will marry her.

But how? There is not much sunshine after all! while Marion's father and Robert's father are determined upon the match. If Robert refuses to fulfill his father's wish, he will no longer be acknowledged as a son. If Marion refuses, her father's ruin will result, she tells me.

Robert comes here nearly every day, "to talk over matters" he says. He calls me "little woman," in his sprightly way. I cannot resent it either. Somehow I am glad Marion does not love him; but how should she, when she loves my brother Mark.

Sept. 20th.—Good and bad news in a breath. Francis Istel is dead; he died suddenly, it seems, after a stormy interview with his son.

Robert had the courage to tell him he could never care for Marion, he asked to be allowed to continue his travels for a time. The old man refused, and insisted upon the wedding taking place immediately. It was the desire of his heart, he said.

Then when Robert refused to comply with his wishes, his face became livid with passionate excitement and rage, then he paled suddenly, and would have fallen but for his son's support.

He died a few hours afterwards, it was apoplexy the doctor said.

Everything is altered. Marion is to marry our Mark, and Robert says he will give her the mortgage deeds of the Frankland estate as a wedding present. He asks *me* if he should do so, as if I had anything to do with it!

He says I have *everything* to do with it, at least he hopes that I will have. He has asked me to be his wife.

He is watching me while I write, and here is my answer:

"Yes——"

"But you should never look over a lady's shoulder when she is writing her diary."

He begs my pardon. It is granted him of course, and he withdraws penitently.

I do not wonder that I have learned to love him, he is so generous and so good.

Love is not such a terrible thing after all!

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

It was densely dark always in the old cellar on Franklin street. It had no windows, no way of ingress or egress save through the one door that must be closed to bar out what cold it might from the inmates of that wretched abode, and its walls were covered by frost. For many days and nights there had been not even a fire's glimmer over the face of the sick man in the corner; but looking down upon it, the night of which I write, the angels must have pitied its great, great agony, its horrible fear, its utter helplessness, as subdued sobs and moans reached him through the darkness, and lacerated his heart, as nothing had ever done before.

"Don't try to keep it from me," he said, at last. "I know what it all means and —— God, I cannot bear it!" breaking out in a cry that troubled the old sleeper on the other side the wall.

"Don't say that, dear," answered a weak voice from a little distance off. "If I only had a light, just the least little bit of a candle; I don't mind the cold—I don't even feel it, Lee—and I'm not hungry."

"But you are ill. You will die, and you shall have help."

For a moment he seemed struggling to rise, but he was paralyzed, had been helpless as a babe for months, and the little woman over against the wall had stood between him and death bravely, cheerily, until of late. Now she would die, he thought; die there in the great agony that only mothers know, and he could move neither hand nor foot to comfort or to help her.

The rats were pulling at the rags that covered him, but he had long since ceased to mind them. They tumbled over each other in their races hither and thither over the boards whereon he lay, and over the fetid floor, but he heard them not. He was thinking only of the great need of the woman who loved him; the blue-eyed, patient, long-suffering woman whom he had vowed to cherish and to protect.

Her moans, she could not stifle them any longer, well nigh maddened him. He bit his lips till the blood from them trickled down over his beard, but the wild cry of his soul wailed through them, nevertheless, and the little woman answered, the pity in her heart for him far greater than for herself.

"Don't Lee, please don't. I shall get along nicely, if God wills—if God but wills it, darling."

"Don't talk to me of God, child," the man broke in angrily. "If there is a God, why don't He take care of His children? Haven't we tried to serve Him all our lives, even in the midst of poverty and starvation, keeping ourselves free from the taint of crime that we might be able to hold our heads up before Him in the last great day? And how are we recompensed?"

He might have gone on complaining, but for a half smothered shriek that tore through the darkness, like a mad thing essaying to escape. It pierced through the frosty wall, too, going straight to the heart of an old chiffonier, who had been listening sorrowfully to the ominous sound, whose meaning she knew too well.

She, too, was in darkness, and cold, and hunger. She was aged and infirm; but she was an angel in woman's guise; and, feeling her way in the blackness and terror of midnight, she stood soon beside the sufferer, feeling for the poor face she could not see, nor hope to see, during all the hours of that dreadful night, and whispering words of encouragement and of comfort, while she soothed and quieted with tender touches of fingers, that seemed like rose-leaves to the heated brow of the poor child-woman, though they were hard, and coarse, and used to nothing gentle.

For hours that old, old woman kept her post beside the pallet of the sufferer. If she were dying, no one could know. The dark and the cold reigned there together, but nobody minded either much.

On his bed of broken boards the young husband lay, mad in his utter helplessness, listening to every move, and moan, and cry, feeling all the manhood in him beating against the prison bars of fate, and clamoring for its right to shield, to succor, and to save the woman who had given her very life into his keeping such a little time ago—the woman who might be perishing in that dungeon of darkness, and yet for whom he could do nothing but pray God to let her die in peace.

"Oh it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Help, they have none!"

And the night went by.

Daylight was over the orient, when the old woman tottered up from the cellar to the street, and the morning was bitter cold.

She had left her patient asleep at last—asleep with the crown of motherhood on her fair, young head—and she herself must face the terrible day for the crust that might and might not be hers at its close.

But for the poor child—the wee waif in the cellar, what could she do? There was nothing to cover it—there was little to cover *her*. She shivered as she thought of it all; but she went back at last, out of the street, through the alley, and into the cellar, groping her way in the dark to the mother and the child. She knelt down beside them, fondling the babe, and saying pretty nothings to it, while the tears dripped from her dim, old eyes and fell upon the faces the daylight could not find.

For the new-born what a divine, though sorrowful baptism!

"Are you quite comfortable, honey?" she asked, stroking the young mother's hair.

"Yes; I guess so. And you're an angel," the weak voice answered. "But oh, I want to see my baby! Do you think he's very cold, auntie? And couldn't you lay him up a little closer?" running on in a quick, eager way.

"Maybe if you'll feel around here, auntie," the man interrupted, "you'll find something that you can wrap my boy in." Then, at thought of all that was, and remembrance of all he had hoped for, he broke into a passionate wail of "Oh, my darlings! my darlings! If I could give my poor life for you."

"Tut, tut, man," the old voice said, "I'm eighty years old, and it ain't much I can do for myself, but I shan't let your darlings die, if there's help for it in begging on my knees for 'em."

She did not say she had not tasted food for two interminable days. She did not say she had endured the agony of a thousand deaths from freezing and from hunger, though she yet lived on. Sometimes, in the past, she had wondered why God let her live so long and so uselessly. "To-night it is all made clear," she thought, but she spoke no words of her own hard lot. She was taking off her petticoat, the only one she had, and was wrapping it about the child, snuggling it up close to her heart once in a while, as, in the long dead years, she had folded her own little ones; and the memories that went over her like a flood only One could know.

"There! Keep a stout heart, child," she said, laying the babe close up to the child-mother, and gathering the thin folds of her own dress closer about her half-frozen limbs. "If I don't come, I'll do my best for you."

Then she passed out of the darkness and into the light of a new, sweet day, followed by the prayers and the blessings of those who had received the "cup of cold water" in the Father's name, and knew how to be thankful.

It was growing dark that day, even outside, before help of any kind had found the sufferers in that wretched home. Hour after hour they had lain there, only a few feet of space dividing them, yet helpless to assist or to even reach each other. What passed between them, what words of pity, sympathy and love, only God and His angels knew. If they went back again, half in the delirium of fever, to some old green wooing place; if they heard again the singing of birds, that seemed to echo their own young joy; if they called up from the blossoming past its plans, its hopes, its dreams, and its ambitions, contrasting them with their perfecting, their fulfilling, and their realization, it would have been but natural, albeit painful to the point of torture; and if they thought how near they were to the light, and warmth, and comfort so cruelly denied, thought of it with a growing doubt of God's goodness in their hearts, I think they were forgiven.

But the young mother was almost past help when help had found her. The good doctor held his candle low down, so that its little light flickered feebly over the wan white face; and the horror of the scene, the actual knowledge that such things were, and that too, in the heart of a great and prosperous city, and within sound of a dozen church-bell chimes, palsied for a moment his hand, his lips, and his heart.

But only for a moment!

There was noble work to do, and there were waiting ones to do it.

The baby, crying feebly, was wrapped by tender hands and carried, first, forever away from the scene of its lonely birth, and lovingly sheltered and cared for. Afterwards, just as helpless, went the father and the mother; and the cellar was left to the frost, the darkness, and the rats.

And the poor old chiffonier?

I love to think of her this last Saturday night of the winter that has been so terrible for the poor, love to think of her as comfortably clothed, and smiling and happy, nursing the young mother back to strength, cooing the baby to his sleep, and saying, as she lays him tenderly in his nice warm crib:

"Old auntie didn't know what God let her live so long for. 'Pears like it's pretty plain now, though. And a sweet, plump boy he is!"

And oh, it was like a sweetest poem—the way that young husband talked of God's great goodness in sending to him, and to his, the gray-haired chiffonier!

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; but when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the unsettled course of things.

CALAMITIES OF GENIUS.

The lives of men of genius are often a record of persecutions, misery and poverty. Wherever we turn in the history of those whose thoughts have enlightened and cultivated the minds of their fellow beings, we find that gloom and shadow have too often been their inseparable companions, haunting them, and casting a blight on their paths. The most successful literary men are frequently those who have suffered most. Here and there we meet with one whose life has been unchequered by adversity; but such instances are rare, and are generally among those who have not been dependent on literature for a support. Even Pope, the most successful author of his age, was not exempted from the misfortunes of his profession, and he thus writes in the preface of his works: "I believe if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration." And Byron, in a conversation with Lady Blessington, in speaking of his daughter, said, "I am told that she is clever—I hope not; and, above all, I hope she is not poetical; the price paid for such advantages, if advantages they be, is such as to make me pray that my child may escape them." What a confession, emanating from the lips of a child of genius and fortune!

The great Cervantes—whose inimitable "Don Quixote" has found its way into almost every home, which has been translated into all languages, and proved the fortune of many a bookseller—is said to have died of hunger. It is barely to be credited, but he is not the only great mind which has succumbed before the horrors of poverty, and has yielded to starvation. Thomas Otway, one of England's most illustrious dramatists, and the author of "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved," he whose talents in scenes of passionate affection, in the language of Sir Walter Scott, "rival at least, and sometimes excel those of Shakspeare," died from the effects of suffocation, caused by his hastily swallowing, *after a long fast*, a piece of bread, which charity had supplied. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," thus describes the unfortunate event: "He (Otway) went out almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighboring coffee house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea, and Otway, going away bought a roll, and was choked at the first mouthful."

America has produced one great genius whose calamities deserve mention in this list; one who, though to a great extent the author of his own sufferings, deserves our warmest sympathy. We refer to the immortal writer of "The Raven," of "Ligeia," and of "Morella"—Edgar A Poe. Bred in opulence, enjoying advantages in his youth possessed by few, he was fated to pass through a maturity illumined by scarcely a ray of sunshine. Darkness and gloom enshrouded his path, converting the high and noble mind into the cynical and bitter antagonist of his more successful contemporaries.

In that nobly-written vindication and analysis of Poe's character, entitled "Edgar Poe and his Critics," Mrs. Whitman says: "Nothing so solitary, nothing so hopeless, nothing so desolate as his spirit in its darker moods has been instanced in the literary history of the nineteenth century." She might well have added, in the whole history of literature. Mr. Griswold, in his "Memoir" of the poet, thus describes the appearance of Poe on the occasion of his calling on a committee to receive the award for a prize essay which he had written: "Thin and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the want of hose."

Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," regarding whom the learned antiquaries, Dr. Mills, Herbert Croft, and Dr. Knox have disputed whether as a poet he should be placed after Shakspeare or Dryden, committed suicide in his eighteenth year, driven to desperation by his poverty. At the inquest held on his body, Edwin Cross, an apothecary, stated as follows: "I often asked him to take a meal with us, but he was so proud, that I could never but once prevail on him, though I knew he was starving."

Dryden died in a garret, in an obscure corner of London; and Spencer died forsaken and in want. Butler, author of "Hudibras," lived in penury, and died poor; and the great, the illustrious Bacon, lived a life of meanness and distress. Boyle, in his "Historical and Critical Dictionary," quotes the following from a letter by James Howell, an English political and historical writer and poet: "Lord Bacon died so poor, that he scarce left enough to bury him."

Chemistry of the kitchen ought to be understood as well by all young ladies, as chemistry of the farm by young gentlemen. The merits of soap, how to make it and use it, are worthy of as profound study as the arts of music and painting. How to knead and bake, is an accomplishment as high as fancy needle-work. What science so sublime as that of domestic economy? The wife in more senses than one holds the key to her husband's treasury. If she knows all about the dollars, as they go to constitute the family comfort indoors, she has a greater knowledge than he who applies them judiciously to buying plows, harrows and horses. Then what a precious accomplishment is that which groups the elements and affinities of the family into a compound of order and love! This is the art of all arts, and it belongs exclusively to woman.

Time.—Longfellow writes thus: "Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of time, it flows amid the ruins of the past. I shall see myself therein, and know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the house of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain passes. And at length, in old age, it falters, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and through its grave passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity. Thus shall it be with thee."

It is only through woe we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom not from flowers, but thorns.

THE FAIRY SMELLING-BOTTLE.

BY IDA FAY.

The orphan sat alone and unnoticed in a corner of a splendid apartment. Of all the large party assembled to celebrate the birthday of her eldest cousin, none looked as if they had ever known an unhappy hour; and Mary Jamieson's soft blue eyes were suffused with tears, as she watched her little cousins gaily dancing with their youthful partners, and thought how different was her own lot from that of these children of indulgence and luxury. They had fond and proud parents who loved them and were interested in their amusements; while she had no one left to whom it signified whether she laughed or cried, whether she danced or sat still, provided that she behaved tolerably well and did not interfere with the enjoyment of the hour.

As she thus mused, a light cloud appeared to descend from the gilded ceiling, while the music that was being played for the quadrilles burst into fuller harmony, as the filmy vapor settled upon the bouquet that Mary held in her hand. Startled and half afraid, she attempted to shake it off; but a silvery voice, like the tinkling of a tiny bell, entreated her to desist; and as the cloud dispersed, she beheld a small and beautiful female figure clinging with both arms around the stem of the moss rosebud that formed the principal ornament of the bouquet.

"My dear little girl," tinkled the fairy, "why so cruel? Can you not let me rest upon your flowers for a short time?"

Mary gazed upon her visitor with amazement, which softened into admiration, as she noticed her smiling features, her long auburn hair crowned with a wreath of flowers that sparkled like diamonds, and the silvery brightness of her flowing robe. The fairy burst into a peal of gentle laughter; and Mary, recovering from her stupefaction, looked around, wondering if any one save herself had seen or heard the phenomenon.

"You need not do that, my dear," observed the fairy, "to you only am I sent, and you alone are conscious of my presence. Speak without fear," continued she, seating herself comfortably upon a sprig of myrtle; "and tell me why you sit here by yourself, with the tears in your eyes."

"Because I am an orphan," replied Mary, "and no one in all this large room cares whether I am happy or not."

"Do you care for any one's happiness?"

Mary opened wide her eyes, and begged the fairy to repeat her question.

"Are you less selfish than they? Do you try to make any one happier?"

"No-o, certainly not," said the little girl, meditating. "But then," added she, "I could not do anything for any one. Nobody thinks it of any importance what a child like me does. Besides, it appears to me that all here are as happy as they can be."

"You think so," said the fairy. "Now behold."

And springing from her seat with an agility that left the myrtle sprig swinging like a pendulum, she drew forth from a small pocket in the skirt of her robe a tiny smelling-bottle, cut from a single ruby, which diffused around it a most delightful fragrance.

"You are not going to leave me?" cried Mary, as the fairy once more shrouded herself in vapor and slowly floated away towards the ceiling.

"Fear not," tinkled the silvery voice; and in another moment the orphan beheld her beautiful visitor perched upon one of the branches of the magnificent chandelier in the middle of the room. She held the ruby smelling-bottle above the heads of the dancers; and as its peculiar odor gradually filled the apartment, a singular alteration passed over the countenances of those who inhaled it.

Smiles changed into frowns or sneers; eyes before sparkling with forced merriment were now suffused with tears; the envious displayed their malice, the vain openly appealed to their parents and acquaintances for admiration, the disappointed loudly lamented their mortifications, the rudely disposed threw off their temporary restraint. Save a few little boys and girls, too young and too innocent for dissimulation, all wore a changed aspect. Happy those who have no reason to be ashamed of their feelings amidst this universal revelation of the real condition of the heart and temper. At length, under the influence of the magic smelling-bottle, a young girl seated in a remote corner of the room, and whom Mary had not before observed, began to weep and sob bitterly.

"No one notices me," she cried. "No one asks me to dance; and here I sit the whole evening trying not to look vexed when I see one and another of my neighbors led out by nice partners, while I am totally neglected. And I had this new dress made on purpose to come in, and mamma says I look so sweet in it. And I am sure I can dance as well as most people. What will they think at home, when I tell them that I have never been asked to dance once during the whole evening?"

Mary looked pityingly upon the young girl, while two others who sat near began to speak very unkindly.

"How foolish of Miss Avery to display her feelings in that way," said one. "Everybody knows why no one will dance with her. Her father is a low man, who has made all his money in a not very reputable business. I wonder why Mrs. Ducie invited her?"

"Because," said the other, "Mrs. Ducie is not very particular. She likes people who have plenty of money, no matter where it comes from."

The whole room heard this dialogue, for the young ladies were impelled by the fairy scent-bottle to utter their thoughts as loudly as if they had been in their own apartment at home.

The object of their scorn was almost overwhelmed by shame and mortification.

"Act as your feelings prompt you," tinkled the silvery voice in Mary's ear, as the speaker nestled herself into the middle of the little girl's bouquet.

The guests resumed their well-bred masks, and all evidence of anything unusual had disappeared, when Mary boldly crossed the room, and seated herself beside Jessie Avery.

"You look very lonely," she said to the poor girl. "Should you like to dance? Let us join the set that is now forming."

Miss Avery looked at her with a grateful smile.

"I do not remember having noticed you before," she said. "Are you one of the visitors, or do you belong to the family?"

"I am Mrs. Ducie's niece," answered Mary; "and I live with her."

"Always?"

"Yes, always, since my dear father and mother died." And a tear glistened in her eye. "But we shall be too late for the quadrille," exclaimed she, recovering herself. "Let me see. Where can I place this precious bouquet in safety?"

"Behind that vase," tinkled the fairy's voice. "I will take care of it. But let me breathe on you before you go. There! Be amiable and unselfish, and you will no longer remain unnoticed."

As the perfumed breath of the fairy passed over the young girl's brow, the traces of sorrow which had lingered there disappeared, and her face beamed with youthful happiness. Her eyes grew bright, and her cheeks assumed a rosier hue; her hair recovered from its limp heaviness, and waved in graceful curls.

With a lighter heart than she had carried since her residence in the cold atmosphere of a rich relation's home, she joined in the dance, and entirely forgetting herself, endeavored to raise the spirits of her companion. Her efforts succeeded perfectly, and Jessie was dancing with as much ease and animation as any of the guests, when she unfortunately slipped and fell to the ground, dragging her partner with her, and totally disarranging the quadrille.

When the two girls were raised from the floor, it was discovered that an extensive rent had been made in Mary's dress, the beautiful lace flounce of which was all in tatters. She was much disconcerted, for she knew that her aunt would be exceedingly displeased, and would contrive to throw all the blame upon her. But a gentle tinkling sounded in her ear, bidding her make light of the matter for poor Jessie's sake; and when, as the vaporous appearance floated away again, she turned and beheld her partner covered with blushes, and the malicious Miss Dawsons pointing her out to the ridicule of their friends, and enjoying a laugh at her expense, she took the mortified girl's hand in hers, and begged her to think no more about it.

Mary's good nature and self-control had not passed unnoticed, and many of the party began to think her exceedingly pretty, and to wonder that they had not remarked her before. But seeing that Jessie could not recover her self-possession, she resisted all importunities to dance again; and, resuming her bouquet by the way, led her companion to a small inner room, where a table was covered with books and engravings for those who did not choose to join the quadrilles.

Miss Avery was soon intent on a beautiful picture-book, and the fairy, emerging from the blossoms under which she had remained concealed, settled herself comfortably in the lap of the moss rosebud which the heat of the room had expanded into a half-blown rose.

"Well, my dear," said she to Mary, "do you still feel so useless and sorrowful as in the early part of the evening?"

"No," answered Mary; "I see things in a very different light now."

"Are you convinced that no one is so humble as to be without a place or a duty among his fellows? Do you perceive that all can do something, that the most insignificant being in the world can render his neighbor happier, and thereby ensure his own happiness?"

"Yes; I believe all this."

"You cannot all work miracles, nor change the condition of kingdoms. But if each would honestly and earnestly do what fell to his share, according to his ability, seizing every opportunity of serving another, the smallest, weakest boy or girl would be surprised to find how much he could accomplish, how necessary he might render himself to those around him. You cannot see the remote consequences of your kindness to poor Miss Avery this evening, but I am gifted to behold them, and, upon the word of a fairy, you will never repent the notice you have bestowed upon her. Love all around thee, my dear girl, and orphaned and friendless as thou seemest to be, thou shalt meet in the desert with loving hearts, who shall yield thee a rich return."

As these last words tinkled in Mary's ears, the fairy enveloped herself in her chariot-cloud, and was floating towards the gilded ceiling ere Mary could utter a word of entreaty or farewell. The orphan stretched out her arms as if to arrest the flight of her beautiful friend; but the latter waved her tiny hand, and disappeared, as she had arrived, amid a burst of harmony from the orchestra below.

* * * * *

Mary was roused from the reverie into which she had fallen, by the voice of Jessie Avery, who had exhausted the contents of the book of engravings.

"My dear Miss Jamieson," she said, "have you been asleep? I have spoken to you several times, and could not make you hear."

"Oh, no!" replied Mary, with a sigh, for she was still regretting her little visitor.

She looked at her boquet, in the midst of which something glittered in the rays of the waxen tapers. It was the ruby smelling-bottle, which had dropped from the fairy's robes as she ascended, and now lay in the snowy cup of a myrtle blossom like a drop of crimson dew.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jessie, coming to her side, "what a tiny, beautiful thing!"

"I have just found it in my bouquet," Mary replied, not liking to say more; for she knew that Jessie would not easily credit the wonderful tale she had to tell. "I believe it is a little bottle made of a ruby; and look! what a tiny stopper!"

The two young girls tried to extract the stopper, but fortunately could not succeed in doing so; for it only properly belongs to a fairy to produce marvels, and compel people to speak without their wills.

When Jessie had returned home with her papa, who came for her at an early hour, Mary ascended to her own little room, and carefully deposited her treasure along with the bouquet in a small rosewood box of which she kept the key. The bouquet faded—yet marvelous to relate, the heart of the half-blown rose retained its hue and fragrance; and after the lapse of years its rosy petals were just as soft and fresh, as the hour when the fairy reclined upon them as upon the cushion of an easy chair.

SPRING IS COMING.

BY MRS. H. E. WHEELER.

Joy, joy, for the spring is dawning,
And winter sinking to rest;
Let us hasten to "welcome the coming,
And speed the parting guest."

Hasten to welcome the sunny hours
That are sure to come with spring;
Hasten to welcome the budding flowers
She never forgets to bring.

Not a tear we'll shed as winter departs,
But joyfully watch him go,
For he's lingered now till our very hearts
Are as chill as his robe of snow.

The birds are gone—too timid to sing
While winter so stern was here;
They're looking out for the dawn of spring,
When they'll come with a welcome cheer.

The spring of life its pleasures bring,
But they're fleeting and soon disappear,
And give to us the glorious spring
That blesses our lives each year.

Joy, joy, for the spring is dawning,
And winter sinking to rest,
Let us hasten to "welcome the coming,
And speed the parting guest."

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Rifle," "Weptonomah," Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LIEUTENANT'S VICTORY.

Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms—the yell
Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—
The groan of death! —*Southey.*

The doom of the French soldier seemed sealed, when Kate Seymour sprang to his rescue with his own gleaming blade. The force with which he had struck the rough wall of the apartment had rendered him partially senseless, and he thought not of the pistols in his belt. There was vengeance in the Indian's eye, and his hand was closing on his foeman's trachea, when the sword, the mediator of steel, fell upon his naked arm.

He looked up, and madly, into the white girl's face.

"Put up sword!" he said, sternly. "The king's man has lied to the Serpent."

And he gently lifted the blade with his knife arm.

"No blood shall be shed in my home!" Kate said, with determination. "If you must fight, pass beyond my door. I will not interfere then."

Silver Serpent looked at his foe rapidly recovering, and gave Kate a glance of indecision.

"I say you shall not fight here!" she said, with growing firmness.

And again the sword dropped to the Shawnee's arm.

"Girl brave. She help the white liar!"

"Let us go into the woods!" cried M. Dumas. "I will fight or talk there, as you wish, Serpent. I have not lied to you. A lie has never passed from my lips to an Indian's ear."

The Serpent doggedly released his enemy's throat, and the soldier stepped from the wall, breathing freely once more.

"My sword," he said, turning to Kate, who placed the hilt of his weapon in his hand.

"If you talk, you can remain," she said, looking at the men. "If you fight, you must fight beneath the blue skies."

"Thanks, *ma chere*," replied Dumas, with a faint smile. "Silver Serpent, which shall it be, fight or talk?"

"The Serpent cares not," was the Indian's reply. "The king's man has lied, and his hands are red with the blood of the Dusky Dove."

At this double accusation the Frenchman's face grew pale, and rage flashed in his eyes.

"That is a lie!" he cried; and his hand grew tighter on the hilt of his weapon. "Let us go into the woods to talk."

"Silver Serpent talk here, where the White Rose said he might," answered the Indian, moving not. "Last night the white chief and the king's man talk by the river. They talk a long time, when the white chief go 'way. Then the Dusky Dove come to the soldier, and he——"

"Stop!" cried M. Dumas, stepping forward. "Do not finish the falsehood, lying dog! Another word from you, and I'll drive my sword into your red-skinned breast!"

The point of his sword forced the savage to the door, against the jam of which his long-barreled rifle leaned.

"White Rose, the soldier's hands are red," he said, looking at Kate Seymour. "Last night, when the Dusky Dove——"

The lieutenant leaped at the speaker with an oath on his lips, and obliged him to defend his life with the rifle, as he retreated across the threshold.

"We have ceased to talk," cried M. Dumas, from between close-set teeth. "We cannot agree; and the world is too small for both of us. It is fight now!"

The Shawnee's rifle was thrust aside before he could bring it to his shoulder, and, retreating inch by inch into the flowered clearing, he warded off the blows delivered by the Gaul.

Kate Seymour heard steel strike steel, and saw, with not a little pride, that the Serpent's rifle-barrel was receiving the edge of the soldier's sword. At last the red man, as if disdaining further retreat, planted his feet firmly, and, with a terrible blow, broke his antagonist's blade close to the hilt.

With an oath of rage, M. Dumas flung the remnant of his sword at his foe, and retreated a few steps, drawing one of his pistols.

The Indian saw the movement, and darted forward with uplifted rifle.

But before he could reach his foe, the sharp report of a pistol cleft the air, and he halted suddenly, and dropped his gun.

For a moment he stood erect like a statue, then he staggered forward, and fell on his face among the wild buttercups.

Once thereafter he tried to rise, groaned, and pressed his bloody lips to the flowers again.

Glancing at the silent spectator of the combat, M. Dumas approached the savage, and turned the head that he might see the face.

Already the stare of death was in the eyes, and he saw the forehead penetrated by his bullet.

"He talks no more," murmured the soldier. "He heard the compact, and saw me fling the red Venus into the river last night. He was Seymour's enemy, and Dan will thank Lecour Dumas for his pistol's work."

Then he turned towards the house, and entered.

Kate stood at the table near the window, like a person in a trance. She did not see him enter, and he spoke twice before she heard him. Then she started up, and, seeing him, said:

"It is over?"

"Yes; I was compelled to slay him in order to preserve my own life."

"Where is your sword?"

"Lying among the grass, broken, useless."

"You will go back to the fort now?"

"If you wish me to depart?" he answered, with mock gallantry. "Catharine Seymour, your word is my law. After a tussle with deadly arms, it is pleasant to return to the softer affairs of the heart. I will depart; but let me say that the Indian dead beyond your threshold sought the life of your father."

The girl looked surprised.

"I thought no red man hated him!" she murmured.

"He was your father's only foe," continued the Frenchman. "In slaying him, I have prolonged the life of the man who has watched over you for years."

"Then I am indebted to you," she said.

M. Dumas smiled.

"No debt I assure you, Kate," he answered, bowing. "I shot him because he was about to rid the world of Lecour Dumas of the King's troops. Evil for evil, I gave the scarlet heathen."

Then he left her in the doorway of the cabin, and picked up the broken sword, which he showed her with a smile.

"You have said that this sword was honorless," he said, looking up into her face. "Against the new one you shall hurl no such accusation. When I come again I will wear the new sword, and your beauty shall I first salute with its gleaming blade. *Mon amie*, I will not remain from you long; the war in the woods is ended; the English still run from the foe that does not follow. Ha! Washington's hunters will not stop till they show their bucktails to the red coats in Fort Cumberland!"

An indignant gleam appeared in Kate Seymour's eyes, and her cheeks suddenly crimsoned; but she did not reply to the Frenchman's insult to the Virginians. A reply would prolong his visit, and it was evident that she desired him to depart.

Finding that his words had nettled his fair auditor, M. Dumas changed the conversation, which Kate adroitly brought to a close in a manner that flattered him into a leave-taking.

He departed with the promise of a speedy return on his lips; but not a word concerning Greville Kensett, his hidden rival. Had M. Dumas forgotten the soldier of England, whose blood he lately declared should flow? How could he forget him, when he was the only man who stood between him and the love of the renegade's child.

"The Serpent being dead, I must take the trail myself," he murmured, as he walked towards Du Quesne. "I was a fool to trust that Indian; but it is luck that I did. I have been permitted to slay him, and the sole witness of Leono's immersion," and he smiled, "is dead. I will to the fort now, and then, with fellows whom I can trust, hunt for the young red coat who has stolen the love I might have gained."

Kate Seymour did not watch the soldier, until he crossed the clearing, as was her wont.

A moment after his departure, and while his kiss still burned on her hand, she turned into the cabin and shut the door.

"What I was about to do when I saw him coming I will now do," she murmured. "Father will not be back before night—not, at least, if he hunts for the young soldier. Ha! he is protected now. Ere this hour Christopher Gist is with him, and that brave man is worth a castle of iron."

From the room a rough but serviceable ladder led to the loft or garret of the cabin, and the renegade's daughter prepared to ascend.

"He has hidden something in the loft," fell in low tones from her lips as she climbed the ladder, and reached the semi-gloom that pervaded the garret. "What that something is I will discover. Heaven keep him away until I shall regain the room below me."

With this prayer on her lips, she found herself in the loft, whose dim light was admitted by the warping of some of the clapboards that formed the roof. At first her eyes could not distinguish any objects about her: but when they had accustomed themselves to the weird light, she crept over the loose boards to the western gable.

"I've heard him here," she said to herself. "He has been here. Ha! what is this?"

Her exclamation was caused by the discovery of a small box, similar in construction to the boxes in which the French officers at Du Quesne deposited their private papers. Until that moment the girl had not known that the box was in the cabin, and her surprise at finding it was plainly marked.

What did the box contain?

Recovering from her astonishment, Kate Seymour put her hands on the box and attempted to raise the lid. The attempt though not successful, proved that the receptacle was not locked. The lid was inclined to yield.

She attacked it again, and did not desist until success crowned her efforts. The lid was raised, and several packages of old manuscript papers rewarded her eyes.

"A poor reward, no doubt, for all my labor," she was saying, while her hands lifted one of the packages. "But these papers may contain some secret. There is light enough in this corner to permit me to read them."

The bundle which she had raised was relinquished for another, which presented a more modern appearance, and the girl drew nearer a light-affording crevice to distinguish the indistinct marks of the pen on the parchment.

In the strong ray of light the French chirography grew suddenly distinct, and the renegade's child dropped the parchment, and sank back with pallid face and a groan.

"No! no! it cannot be!" she wailed. "Oh, heaven! why did I force the lid of his secret chest?"

CHAPTER XIV.

COUGAR DICK AGAIN.

Deserted at his utmost need. —*Dryden.*

Let us now return to the occupants of the cave at the Devil's Falls.

"I have been to this place before," said Gist, starting forward with the torch taken from the fire, "and if I mistake not, there's an avenue of escape."

"I hope we may find it," responded young Kensett; "this cavern will soon prove untenable."

"We must find it!" said the borderman, firmly. "Dan Seymour will not leave you untrailed long, and it is a wonder that he has not played the bloodhound ere this."

After leaving the extinguished brands the twain discovered a narrow corridor that wound to the left, and towards the beautiful cascade of water, which made the woods without melodious with sound. The passage was scarcely wide enough to admit the body of a man, and the stalactites that hung like crystal pendants from the ceiling caused the tall borderman to advance with his body bent.

The soldier followed closely on his heels.

"This is the way," said Gist, after a long silence, and in a voice that penetrated the darkness before him, where it was broken into a thousand echoes. "We'll hear the water by-and-by, and see it if you wish, captain. Tell you how I discovered this long hall. About three years ago, before England and France got to trying swords in America, I had a difficulty with an Indian down to Logstown. I own that I was in the wrong at first, but I offered to satisfy his honor. He would not be satisfied, and unwilling to create a bigger fuss, which might put a thousand redskins agin me, I left the town and came to this cave. Here I stayed for several weeks, and was about to go back and see if Wishnetah—that was the Indian's name—hadn't got over his pet, when who should come here but the identical fellow himself."

"And you settled the difficulty here, I suppose," said the nobleman's son, jumping at the conclusion of the scout's story.

"We settled it," said Gist, firmly and in a voice full of meaning. "I was almost asleep when I saw his shadow, much the same way you saw mine a while ago. I retreated, for I didn't want to hurt Wishnetah. He followed me like a sleuth hound, and I led him under the falls. The moon was shining bright as day almost, and her light pierced a thin sheet of water and shone under the cataract. In that light I met Wishnetah, and offered to compromise our little fuss. But he was a stubborn feller, as proud of his fighting record as of the bear claws he wore about his thick neck. He came up calling me coward. That was enough. We met, and I knocked his knife into the water. Then I dropped mine and we clinched. It was fist to fist, but the end proved that I was too much for the Shawnee. I gave but one fair lick in, and he dropped like a dead man, and laid still. After waiting a while for him to get up, I bent over and found him dead."

"Dead?" echoed Kensett, deeply interested in the narrative.

"As dead as Beaujeau, the Frenchman, I killed on the battlefield the other day. My fist had broken the redskin's head, and he died, smiling proudly over my hand which he was feeling. 'White hunter has iron hand,' he said. Poor Wishnetah!" said Gist, with feeling. "I had no idea I could strike that way."

The hunter ceased, and the journey was continued in silence.

At last a grade was reached, and a few minutes later the roar of a waterfall fell upon their ears. Down, down they went until level ground was again reached, when Gist paused. The sound of the cascade directly above threatened to deafen them, and the Virginian's lips touched his companion's ear when he spoke.

"Could they find us here?" asked Kensett.

"Certainly," was the reply. "I am certain that Dan Seymour is not aware of the corridor, and after searching the cave, of course he would follow it to its end."

"Where does it terminate?"

"Where we stand, you might say. The Devil's Falls are right over us. A few steps further on there is a hole in this rocky wall which will show you one of the prettiest sights in these parts. But we're not huntin' for scenery now. No, captain, we want a place to hide till night."

"Where will we find it, if you say the corridor ends here?"

"If the torch holds out, I'll soon show you," said the borderman.

The corridor they had followed so long had terminated in a vast cavern with high ceiling and rugged walls. An avenue leading therefrom, save the one they had lately traversed, there seemed none; and the light of the torch, almost burned away, failed to reveal some parts of the subterranean chamber.

"Come," said Gist, starting towards the wall to his right. "We'll climb these rocks to a hiding-place Dan Seymour has never dreamed of."

A few strides brought the scout to what might be called a natural stairway, for some convulsion of nature had torn rocks from the wall and piled one upon the other in confusion. Gist, bearing the torch, scaled the first rock, then the second, and many others above it, until he and his companion stood many feet above the floor of the stony chamber.

"The light of strongest torch held by a man down there wouldn't reach us," he said, pointing down. "I'm a curious man, and my curiosity found this place. Now look there."

With the last words on his lips, Gist turned, and the light of the torch revealed a corridor that led straight into the rocks.

The next minute the scout entered the place, followed by his young companion, who was wondering when the wonders of the American cavern would cease.

A brief crawl down the new passage brought the twain to a small cavern, which resembled the one which had served as the young captain's retreat since the disastrous battle.

"Now rest here a while, captain," said the scout; "I'm goin' to reconnoitre. Take off your coat and make a pillow of it. Yes, you must do it, for our tramp and tumbles have weakened you. I can see it in your face, though you wouldn't own it for the world—hardly for the pretty eyes of Kate Seymour; eh, captain!"

The young soldier smiled, and a blush mounted to his temples.

Had he fallen in love with the daughter of the man who was trailing him for the blood of his heart?

The borderman was right when he spoke of his weakness. The long journey over the broken particles of rocks that strewed the floors of the several caverns and corridors, had told on his physical endurance, and while he was reluctant to make the admission, he was rejoiced that the subterranean trail had ended. He saw the scout depart with the remnant of the torch, and divested himself of his scarlet coat, of which he made a passable pillow.

Lulled into security by the words of Gist, he threw himself on the ground and tried to compose his mind.

For many moments such composure was impossible. The thought of the beaten army tormented him, and the uncertainty that enveloped his father's fate was almost unendurable torture.

But when tired nature demanded rest, her enemies fled, and the young soldier of Albion fell asleep, waiting for the reapproach of his ally.

Minutes passed away; but Christopher Gist came not.

In the gloom of the cavern Greville Kensett slept, guarded by Kate Seymour's rifle. The faint sound of the cataract did not disturb him, and the light which at last flashed in the strange chamber, found him sleeping like a child.

It was not until a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, that his slumber was broken; and when he opened his eyes he seized his rifle, and started up with a cry of horror.

But before he could use the weapon, three savages threw themselves upon him, and he found himself a prisoner.

"Where is the big hunter?" said a voice in French, and the speaker confronted the captive.

"Where you cannot find him!" replied the soldier. "He is not here."

At that moment the light of a torch fell upon the Indian's face, and Greville Kensett discovered that he had spoken to Cougar Dick.

The light of a fiendish triumph danced in the Indian's eyes.

"The trail is ended," he said to his men, six in number. "The big hunter's time is not yet. Warriors, back to the forest!"

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

There is strength,
And a fierce instinct, even in common souls,
To bear up manhood with a stormy joy,
When red swords meet in lightning.
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Cougar Dick and his prisoner soon left the elevated cavern, and the long corridors that led to the forest were again traversed.

During the march not a word passed between him and the young soldier, who walked in the midst of the band with bowed head and thoughtful.

Where was the borderman?

This question troubled Kensett, and more than once he was inclined to charge the giant with cowardly desertion. But when he thought of his former sacrifices, his devotion to the cause of Great Britain, and his friendship for Kate Seymour, he dismissed such charges before they could mature, and resolved to believe that his absence would hereafter be explained to his honor.

The captors emerged from the last cavern, and halted for a moment within a few yards of the edge of the cascade. A million sparkling particles of spray fell over them like a mist, and cooled their bodies, heated by the journey under ground. When the band, having scaled the rocks that led, in a rocky path, from the foot of the fall to the forest above, halted once more, Greville Kensett obtained a good view of Richard le Cougar.

The expression of triumph still burned in the Shawnee's eye, which fell upon the captive at the halt, and then the long silence was broken.

"We have met before?" the Indian said, with a faint smile.

"Yes. You warned Braddock."

An expression of mingled scorn and hatred flitted over the savage's face.

"But he would not listen," he said. "Cougar Dick would have saved many of the English soldiers, but he hated the stubborn fool who would not listen. He paid for his obstinacy."

The young soldier was surprised to hear the Indian speak French with the fluency of a Frenchman, and he noticed that he addressed his band in the Shawnee tongue.

"The big hunter thought that Cougar Dick knew not of the high hole," continued the chief, after a moment's pause. "Not a trail in this country is unknown to him, and he can hide where the white man's eye could never find him. The soldier was hidden well; but the eyes of the red eagles found him."

"Who told you to trail me?" asked young Kensett. "How did you know that I had escaped unwillingly from the battle?"

"Cougar Dick saw the soldier's horse rush from the war," was the reply, "and he followed him."

"Having warned me of danger, you hunt me down as though I were a wolf."

The Indian started at these words, but answered:

"You are a wolf—a scarlet-coated British wolf—scarcely weaned, but furious!" he cried, becoming angry. "Cougar Dick will guide the young wolf to his caged parent—the old wolf who bites the bars of his cage, and growls at the man who caught him on the bloody field."

"My father!" cried Kensett, starting forward. "Will you take me to my father?"

"The old soldier and his son shall meet again," answered the Indian, and turning quickly away he bade his band resume the march.

For several hours the party moved through the forest undisturbed, and at length the uncouth cabins of Logstown became visible.

At the sight Greville Kensett's heart beat fast. He was about to meet the father whom he believed dead—the father who, in turn, had been tortured by the mystery that enshrouded the fate of his son. The youth felt proud that he might be permitted to share his father's imprisonment, and die, if it should end in death, at his side, like a true Englishman.

He believed that Cougar Dick was working for Daniel Seymour, and that in the course of time the renegade would appear at Logstown to carry out some diabolical plan of revenge, which had matured in his merciless heart. In all the events which had transpired since the battle—events related to him by Gist and Seymour's beautiful child—he saw the hand of the British renegade. He now saw it again in the capture of his father,

and plainer than ever in his own apprehension by the Indian. But he could not divine the cause of Seymour's hatred of the Kensett name.

He did not know that the renegade was the hot-headed youth who had encountered his father in his own English castle, eighteen years prior to the opening of our romance.

But he was soon to learn the truth.

Cougar Dick found Logstown comparatively deserted.

The larger part of its motley inhabitants had gone to Du Quesne, whose commander would that day divide the spoils of the unlooked-for victory. Those who remained in the old town were women and children, the families of French traders. Among them the appearance of the band and the young captive created much excitement. They surrounded the party, and talked incessantly in the rude *patois* of the French Canadian.

Once or twice the captain heard his name drop from the lips of the garrulous women, and he started at the sound.

"They knew Dick was after me," he murmured to himself, "and no doubt they are anticipating the vengeance designed to follow my arrival here."

After giving the crones and children a good opportunity of inspecting the proud form of the captured Kensett, the Shawnee quickened his steps and led the prisoner to a strong log hut, before the door of which stood a rough-looking white man and a brawny Indian.

Several chains secured the door to strong staples driven into the logs. It was plainly seen that the portal had received additional strength since the attack of the drunken mob.

The white man at the door smiled significantly when his eye fell upon Greville Kensett, and he said to his red companion:

"The Cougar has caught the red-coated wolf. He will show us soon how two Englishmen dare die."

A minute later the fastenings of the door were unloosed, and with a cry of eagerness, the youthful soldier sprang across the earthy threshold.

The door closed behind him, and he found himself in a darkened place, whose dimensions he could not observe.

For a moment there was silence, when the thought nearest his heart found utterance:

"I can see nothing," he cried. "Father, father, are you here?"

There was a quick cry of joy in the gloom, and Greville Kensett felt strong arms encircle him.

"This my boy?" cried Sir Martel. "No! no! I have been dreaming. I am dreaming still."

"I am your boy in the flesh," said the youth. "They found me far from this spot and brought me hither to share your captivity, and to die with you I suppose."

"Who found you, Greville?" asked the father, still holding his boy to his breast.

"That man who warns men of danger and then hunts them down."

"Cougar Dick! He took me captive on the field of battle, and sent me to this spot. He is in league with our old enemy, Llewellyn Mortyn, the hater of our unstarnished name."

"Where is he, father?" cried the son, starting from the embrace.

"I know not, but he will come soon. Llewellyn Mortyn is Dan Seymour, the renegade."

"Then we have fallen into the lion's jaws," said Greville.

"Talk not thus; my joy is great. I have believed you dead, he having said that he had dealt with you. Now, my boy, we will stand and fall, if fall we must, together. Forget the storm, on whose ragged edge our lives now hang, and sit beside me on my only bench, and tell me all that has happened you since we parted company."

Sir Martel Kensett led his son to the uncouth bench, and was soon listening to the narrative of his adventures, already known to the reader.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INJURED INNOCENCE.

Some friends of a country minister came one day unexpectedly to dinner, and his wife, whose larder at the time happened unfortunately to be empty, was sadly puzzled to know what she was to give them to eat. At length in her dilemma she bethought her of a fine large hen turkey which was strutting about through the yard, attended by a numerous family; and, as the young turkeys were almost completely reared, the prudent housewife thought that they might safely dispense with the services of their mother, whose body would then furnish the needed dish for her to place before her guests. Accordingly the good lady ordered the parent bird to be forthwith killed and cooked. The food thus provided was not very tender, but most of the party made the best of it. The minister, who knew the state of the case, said nothing. But there was one person at the table who could not be induced to taste the old turkey. This was the minister's son, a boy of eight or ten years of age. He, like his father, knew very well what it was that he was asked to eat, but, unlike his father, he preferred going without his dinner to dining on the carcass of his old friend of the farmyard. After dinner the minister and his guests went out for a walk, followed by the little son, who brought up the rear of the party. No sooner did they make their appearance in the farmyard than the entire flock of young turkeys, which had lately been deprived of their mother, gathered tumultuously about them, and by their incessant screaming, and "skraighing," and flapping of wings seemed to reproach the minister and his friends for their barbarity in having made a meal of their maternal parent. The adult members of the party may have guessed the cause of the uproar, but they passed on, apparently unconcerned, and left the little boy in the rear to bear the brunt of the orphans' upbraidings. This he did for some time with tolerable equanimity; but, when the cries of his feathered tormentors became increasingly uproarious, and especially when he considered that he, who was left alone to hear the virtuous rage of the bereaved ones, was the only one of the entire party who was guiltless of their mother's blood, he lost his patience altogether, and, turning upon the yelping brood with all the indignation of injured innocence, he shouted at them, so as to be heard by his father and his friends, "Ye needna be yammering at me! I didna eat your mither!"

[1] At a certain age, if our home contains no children, it will probably be full of follies or vices.

FACETIÆ

A Terrible Blow—B'low Zero.

Hobson's Choice—Mrs. Hobson.

A Dead Latch—That on a cemetery gate.

Men who are in dead earnest generally make a living.

Good Places for Match-making—Sulphur springs.

Words that Burn—The contents of our waste-basket.

Many a person has fallen by "tripping the light fantastic toe."

Many a man makes his home happy by staying away from it.

Standing on the dentist's doorstep will often cure the toothache.

How to get a puff from a newspaper reporter—give him a cigar.

The ties that connect business men with the public—Advertise.

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

It takes a live man to pull up stream, although a dead one can drift down.

There are various stations in life, but the least desirable is a police station.

When a man comes to know that he don't know everything, he then becomes wise.

A Spanish proverb says: "A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt."

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years; and every little absence is an age.

Patrick Green generally signs his name in full, as he thinks "P. Green" is too suggestive a signature.

"Raising the wind" is now called, more classically, "Exciting the financial Æolus."

In Louisville they check the garrulity of a bore by telling him to "write the rest on a piece of paper, and we'll read it Sunday."

"What should a man do," asked a gentleman of a lady, "when he has an opportunity to correspond with a charming woman, but, being a bachelor, is a little afraid of such business?"

"I should say to him, do write," answered the lady.

Punch suggests the following inscription for the front of an idiot asylum founded in England by a patent medicine proprietor:

"Not oft is fate so just—see wealth restored
Back to the simple source from which it poured."

Begins with "Ho."—"Sally, I've got a sweetheart. Such a nice young man. He's in a perfession."

"Oh, Jemima! Don't use such wicked words."

"It ain't a wicked word at all, Sally, it's a business."

"What business, Jemima? Anything nice?"

"Yes, Sally, and very 'spectable. Guess what it is. It begins with a ho."

"I know, Jemima. It's a hoflicer."

"No, it ain't though; it's something much better than a hoflicer."

"Well then a horange merchant. That's it Jemima."

"Oh, you silly thing! to think of anything so vulgar. He's a hoctioneer!"

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor Saturday Evening Post, Philada.]

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1.

A consonant; a domestic animal; a runner; a heathen god; a kind of tea; a receptacle; a consonant. The centrals read downwards and across, give the name of a celebrated heathen god.

W. F. Trinder.

2.

```
      C
    E O
  B O M
E S U E
V E V L S
O H A E S A
L T L A T
N T S Y
E N R
H A
W
```

W. T.

ENIGMA.

I'm a strange contradiction, I'm new and I'm old;
I'm sometimes in tatters, and oft decked in gold;
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound;
I'm always in black, I am always in white;
I am grave, and I'm gay, and am heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ; I'm thick and I'm thin;
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages;
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

W. L.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 41.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 35, Vol. 54.

Enigma.—Pipe; a tobacco pipe, composed of meerschaum, clay or wood; a gas-pipe; a musical instrument; the cry of a bird; the wind-pipe; ore running endwise in a hole; an article of confectionery, as bath-pipe; a measure for wine; also a cask containing two hogsheads.

Numbered Charade.—Skin, pin, row, nun, ox, in, six, ruin, sow, spoon, hip—Our Own Sphinx.

Arithmetical Puzzles—

1. 15873 x 7 = 111,111
2. 31746 x 7 = 222,222
3. 47619 x 7 = 333,333
4. 63492 x 7 = 444,444
5. 79365 x 7 = 555,555
6. 95238 x 7 = 666,666
7. 126984 x 7 = 888,888
8. 142857 x 7 = 999,999

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 28, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVII—[Continued].

"Walk in, sir," said the deacon, making a sign of caution. "Quite a pleasant evening, though a little cool."

Mulwrack uttered a sort of growl in reply; and, having fastened the door, the deacon led the way into the back-parlor. As soon as he had locked this door against intrusion, he said:

"You are a bold man, Mr. Mulwrack. How did you know but I would betray you to the police, and bring you into a trap here?"

"Because, in the first place, I knowed you was as big a —— villain as me," returned the robber, with one of his peculiar chuckles, "and wouldn't like to have the beak's fingers in your dish, any more'n me. And besides," he added, slightly displaying the handle of a knife, "I knowed you wasn't ready to have your throat cut yit awhile; which, by —— I'll do, if you ever try to come any of your foul games over this child."

"Oh, of course, I was only jesting, my friend," returned Pinchbeck, turning pale, and getting a little nervous.

"In course; I knowed you was," rejoined the other, taking a seat, and looking rather suspiciously around him. "Well," he continued, "now to business. D'ye git my letter?"

"I must caution you not to speak quite so loud," said the deacon, picking up the dirty scrap of paper lying on his writing-desk. "Is this what you mean?"

"Well, yes, that's it," replied the burglar, taking it from the deacon's hand, tearing it in pieces, and throwing the whole into the fire. "Mag did that," he continued; "she's some'at of a scholar, Mag is—I can't write myself. And arter I'd got it writ," he pursued, "it bothered me, like sin, to git it to you. You see, I didn't like to leave my crib in the daytime; and Mag she'd fell down and got a bad face, so that she didn't like to go; but she went and got a boy to take it, and that did jest as well. Well, what have you got to say to it? I 'spect your mind's made up, one way or t'other, by this time."

"And you have really got the child back again?"

"Didn't that there letter say so?"

"Certainly; at least so I understood it, the hand being a little cramped."

"Whose hand?"

"I mean the writing."

"Oh, yes."

"By-the-by, where did you find the girl?"

"Well, that, I believe, is my business, and hain't got nothing to do with this here," replied Mulwrack, rather gruffly. "The long and short on't is, is you going to do what you said you would?"

"Pray, don't be so hasty," answered the deacon; "you hardly give one time to think."

"Better take a couple of years," sneered Mulwrack. And then he added, with a savage scowl: "The long and short on't is, if you don't come to the pint, one way or t'other, right quick, I'll be tempted to break your head, and put out. What I does is always in arnest, and I can't stand trifling from nobody."

"Oh, certainly—yes—well—certainly—that's right," said the deacon, with some confusion. "Well—yes—I think, on the whole, I'll—— You conldn't do it for less, eh?"

"No!" growled Mulwrack; "and I'll not do it at all, if you fool round much longer."

"But if I should pay you this money—a tremendous big sum, you know—if I should pay you this in good hard gold, and you should do the—the—a—ah—a—what you agree to, you know, and you should ever get found out, you wouldn't blow on me, would you?"

"No, I'm not such a —— villain as to peach," returned the burglar, in a tone of honest indignation.

"Well, I suppose I can see the girl, and be sure, before you—before it is—ah—done?"

"Sartin—that's fair, if you're in 'arnest; and, for that matter, you may stop and see me strangle her, if you like?"

"Oh, no! no! I thank you—nothing of that kind!" cried the deacon, much horrified. "No! no! Mr. Mulwrack, I could take no pleasure in that kind of thing. I am a church-going man, sir, and would not offend the Lord (who has been very kind to His poor, humble servant) by looking upon—upon—a—ah—that kind of thing. But I suppose I can see her to-night—just to be sure she's the one?"

"Oh, yes; just plank, to show you're in 'arnest, and come with me, and I'll take you right to her," replied the robber.

"What do you mean by plank, Mr. Mulwrack?"

"Why jest down with the tin, the shiners, the dust, the dough, or whatever you choose to call it."

"Oh, you mean the money?"

"In course."

"But business is business, my friend; and so I trust I shall be allowed to retain the amount, till I am satisfied all is right?" said the wary deacon.

"Sartin, if you'll fetch it along with you, for I can't be running up here all the time," answered Mulwrack.

The deacon wriggled about for a few minutes, uncertain what to do. He did not like to part with the money, without being sure that the burglar really had the girl in his possession; he did not like to go with him, to see for himself; and he was too anxious to have the foul deed perpetrated, to think of putting the affair off till another time.

But, at last, after some rumination, he concluded to go, and just see the child, and if she were really the one he had once catechised in that same back parlor, he would know that, so far, the burglar had not deceived him in his statements; and, this being the case, he thought he might safely venture to trust to his *honor* as a *ruffian* to fulfill the rest of the bloody compact.

"Well," said the deacon, at length, "suppose I meet you at the corner of Seventh and Fitzwater streets, some ten or fifteen minutes hence? as our being seen together, might possibly, should anything occur, attach suspicion to me."

"That'll do," replied the burglar, rising; "I'll be where you say; but don't keep me waiting too long. You'll be ready to plank, I s'pose?"

"Pay, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Oh, certainly."

"All right, deacon; just show me out."

Having seen the robber into the street, the deacon hastened back into the room, and locked the door. He then opened a drawer in his desk, and took out ten bags, each containing a thousand dollars in gold. The combined weight of these was rather heavy; and for a few minutes the good man pondered the best plan of carrying the "price of blood," with the least degree of exposure. At last he decided to tie the ten bags in two separate handkerchiefs, and suspend these, one on each side of him, by a strap across the shoulders, in the same manner that he had once carried his goods, in the days when he was a mere pedlar. By putting on a cloak, the strap and handkerchiefs would be completely concealed; and thus equipped, and prepared for a new adventure, he sallied forth, to keep his appointment with the burglar.

But scarcely had he turned the first corner, after leaving his house, when he met an old friend, who would enter into conversation, in spite of him; and this resulted in making him half an hour too late for his appointment. At Seventh and Fitzwater streets, Mulwrack was not to be found; and the deacon had the satisfaction of waiting for his partner in crime, till he himself was on the point of leaving and returning home.

The two worthies got together at last—Mulwrack cursing Pinchbeck for his tardiness, and declaring that he had been again to his house, to see what had become of him. The deacon apologised, gave a true reason for his delay, and the two set off together, going down into the very heart of the Infected District. But when the deacon came to the hovel, in which Mulwrack said little Ellen was confined, his courage failed him, and he declared he would not go in.

"I'll trust to you," he said, hurriedly; "I'll trust to you. Here is the money, all counted—take it, and let me go home."

He hastily transferred the gold to Mulwrack, who, as he received it, said:

"Well, this here feels all right; and if I find it so, depend upon it, Deacon Pinchbeck, your woman will be a heir in less than an hour. Good-bye, old feller; and if we shouldn't meet agin in this world, I'll look for you in Brimstone Corner."

He shook the trembling hand of Pinchbeck, who turned and fled through the darkness of the night, accompanied by a thousand guilty thoughts and their attendant spectres, and closely watched by that All-Seeing Eye which never sleeps.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

When Deacon Pinchbeck reached the steps of his dwelling, he felt the weight of a murderer's guilt upon his soul. He looked around in terror, fearful of having been seen and pursued by some officer of justice, and half expecting to find the very stones rise up and cry out against him. He had done many sinful things before—but none which impressed him with such nameless horror as this crowning act of wickedness. He believed in a gigantic, all-powerful, omniscient, omnipresent devil; and notwithstanding his recent conviction, that, in his particular case, the Lord would sanction the highest crime known to the law, he now fancied that this same devil stood at his back, grinning a horrid approval of his last damning deed. It had been the good man's design, for the last ten years of his life (and we regret to say that there are many like him) to be just religious enough to escape the devil at last; but now he fancied his soul was fairly caught in Satan's snare, and might eventually find its way to the Bottomless Pit, along with such common sinners as did not regularly attend church on the Sabbath. The only fault we have to find with the deacon's fancy is—not that he should now think himself enrolled among Satan's victims—but that he should ever have thought otherwise.

With a cold, clammy perspiration covering his face and hands, and his nether limbs trembling and bending under him like reeds, Deacon Pinchbeck tottered up the steps of his dwelling, about as miserable and contemptible a piece of humanity as the most morbid curiosity-seeker could wish to find. After pausing awhile, to take breath and gather a little courage, and having wiped the perspiration from his hands and face, the deacon ventured to ring the bell. The door was almost immediately opened; and as soon as she saw who it was, the domestic hurriedly exclaimed:

"Oh! sir, I'm so glad you've got back, sure—for there's a gintleman in the parlor waiting to spake to ye, and Master Nelson is so sick."

"A-a-gentleman—Nelson——" stammered Pinchbeck; "wha-what—who, I mean—who is it? and wha-what does he want?"

"He didn't tell his name, sir—but said he wanted to see you on very particular business—and so I axed him in to wait. But the boy is very sick, sir—hadn't you better see him first now?"

"Ye-ye-yes," replied the miserable man; "I'll—I'll go right up, Catharine."

But instead of going "right up," he blundered along to the back-parlor and opened the door. To his surprise—we may add, to his horror, all things being taken into consideration—his eye fell upon the person of Dr. Newton Stanhope. The parties knew each other by sight, and were slightly acquainted, for the father of the young man had borrowed money of the deacon on more than one occasion, and once or twice Newton had taken his father's notes to him to be discounted beyond the legal rate.

"Good evening, Deacon Pinchbeck," said young Stanhope, rising and advancing with extended hand, and fixing his eyes piercingly upon the colorless face of the host. "I trust I find you well, sir, in body and mind."

"Ye-yes, sir—Dr. Stanhope, I believe," stammered Pinchbeck, taking the young man's hand, and immediately dropping it in his confusion. "Ye-yes, I'm very well, but—but my boy is sick, sir—Nelson—quite, and—a—ah—I hope you're well, too, sir."

"Is your child very sick, deacon?"

"Oh, yes, my friend—quite—terrible, sir—indeed he is, and that is what horri—I mean, agitates me so. I'm very nervous, doctor, very nervous, and—and—what is good for the nerves, eh?"

"Well, a good conscience, for one thing," replied the young physician, keeping his eyes fixed steadily upon the deacon's pallid face, and closely watching every expression.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the deacon, in a wild, unnatural tone, and turning away, as if for the purpose of depositing his cloak and hat on a distant chair, "I—I—think I've got that, my young friend."

"I hope you have, sir," was the pointed rejoinder; and then he added, quickly: "But your child is sick, and I will not detain you but for a moment. I called to see you concerning a matter rather out of the ordinary line of business, and I must beg you will pardon my intrusion. I believe you own some property in what is called the Infected District?"

"Some—yes, doctor, some," replied the deacon, seating himself, and beginning to breathe a little more freely.

"And you are occasionally down there yourself, deacon?"

"Occasionally, sir—yes, occasionally."

Young Stanhope, as if without design, now managed to place his seat directly in front of Pinchbeck, so that he could look full into his eye, and note the slightest change in the expression of the guilty man's features.

"Well," he resumed, "the business I came on is this: Some three nights since, the house of a particular friend of mine, was robbed of considerable money, valuable plate, and jewelry, and a little girl, who was living with this friend, has ever since been missing, and all our search for her has, up to this time, been without avail. But heavens, sir, you are ill!"

The deacon did appear to be ill, it is true, for his face assumed a sickly, deadly hue, his very features quivered and became distorted, as if with a spasm, and he clung nervously to the arms of his chair, as if he felt himself going headlong over an awful abyss.

"I—I—do-don't feel well," he gasped.

"Well, I will hasten my story to a conclusion," said young Stanhope, who marked every effect his words produced, and who more than ever felt convinced that his suspicions had fallen upon the proper person. "This little girl that I speak of—a very sweet, interesting little orphan, from all I can learn of her—is suspected by some of having robbed my friend's house; but others feel certain that she was not strong enough to carry off so many heavy articles as were lost. However that may be, she is certainly missing, and nearly all her wearing apparel is missing with her. As it was known that she had for a short time been among the degraded outcasts of the Infected District, our search for her has been carried through that vile locality, but being, as I have said, unsuccessful, it occurred to me that you, deacon, who own some property in that vicinity, might possibly have some knowledge of her."

"No! no! no! I haven't—I haven't—not the least, I assure you, Mr. Mul—I mean—a—ah—excuse me, Dr. Stanhope," cried the guilty man, almost wildly. "Really," he said, rising, "some other time I shall be very—happy—to tell you all about her—I mean, to—to—talk to you on the subject, but—but my dear boy is very sick—tremendous sick—horrible—I should say alarming—and—and——"

"Nay," interrupted the other, somewhat sternly, "sit down for a minute; I have not yet told you the name of this child."

"I know—I know—that is, I mean, I don't want to know—or rather—a—ah—I——"

"Deacon Pinchbeck," again interrupted the young physician, even more sternly than before, "your manner is such as to lead me to suspect that you *do* know something of this child."

"Who, me? I? me?" stammered the other, taking hold of the chair for support.

"I say, your manner is such as to excite this suspicion," returned the doctor. "Pray, sit down one minute, and I will tell you her name, and something of her history."

The deacon, though never so anxious in his life to get away from a speaker, whose every word seemed to plunge a dagger into his guilty soul, seeing there was no chance of escape, resumed his seat, and made a powerful effort to compose his mind, and fortify it against the impending blow.

"Go on," he said, rather feebly.

"The name of this missing child," resumed his tormentor, speaking slowly and distinctly, and watching every expression of the deacon's chalky face—"is—Ellen Norbury."

"Ha!" exclaimed the deacon, with a spasmodic start. "Well?"

"You know her then?"

"Me?" cried the other. "I? no! never heard of her before—upon my honor, as a—as a—(he was going to say gentleman, but substituted) church-member."

"Well, then," pursued young Stanhope, "I will tell you something about her, that must be very interesting for you to hear."

"Really—I—I haven't time Mr.—a—ah—Dr. Stanhope," replied the other, making an effort to rise.

"Nay, sit still, Deacon Pinchbeck!" rejoined the young man, speaking in a firm, decisive tone. "You *must* hear the story—you *shall* hear it—or else the consequences be on your own head!"

"Wha-what consequences?" gasped the guilty man.

"The consequences, sir, of being brought before the bar of justice."

"I—I—do-don't know wha-what you mean," stammered the deacon, sinking back in his chair; "but go—go—on."

"This child, as I was saying," pursued young Stanhope—"this Ellen Norbury, was the daughter of William Norbury, an artist, who once resided in Dublin; and is a distant relation of John De Carp Montague, a gentleman of wealth, now living in Ireland, (the young doctor had not yet seen the paper announcing his death), and her father and mother both being dead, she is the heir-presumptive of the Wehlen Estate, now held by this same John De Carp Montague."

"Well, and what is all this to me?" the deacon now ventured to inquire—having, through sheer desperation, in some degree regained his natural assurance.

"I will tell you what this is to you," sternly answered the young physician; "and I believe I shall thus repeat what you already know. If this same Ellen Norbury were dead, your wife, Deacon Pinchbeck, would be the next heir to this estate."

"Indeed! this is news to me."

"Is it? we shall see!" was the rejoinder. "After Ellen Norbury and your wife, my mother would be the next heir; and a paper, containing this statement, and much more of the same nature, was in my father's possession, till within two or three months, when it was stolen by a burglar, who luckily found little else to steal. Now considering that fact, in connection with the mysterious disappearance of this orphan, and the inference to be drawn is, that some *interested* party has had a hand in her abduction, perhaps *murder*."

The last word was pronounced so emphatically, that, in spite of himself, the guilty deacon could not avoid a kind of spasmodic start. Stanhope noticed this, and quickly added:

"Deacon Pinchbeck, a train of circumstances has fixed suspicion upon you, as the author of a dark deed—a deed that may send you to the prison, perhaps the gallows!"

"Upon me? what circumstances?" gasped the other.

"No matter what—*you are the guilty man!*"

The deacon sprung from his seat, and the young physician rose at the same time, keeping his eye fixed steadily upon the accused.

"Where is that child?" he almost fiercely demanded.

"I—I—do-don't know—upon my word I don't!" stammered the agitated church-officer.

"'Tis false! you do know! and I *know* you know!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "Now mark me!" he continued, stepping in front of the accused, and speaking in a tone that admitted of no doubt of his keeping his word: "If this girl is restored to her friends, safe and sound, within four-and-twenty hours, your part in the guilty transaction shall be overlooked, and the secret kept; but if she be not so restored, within that time, then the law shall take the affair in hand, and you shall answer for your crime at the bar of justice!"

"But—but—how—how—" began the deacon, when the other interrupted him.

"Not another word!" he said, sternly. "I have said my say, and warned you of the consequences. Restore that child, or woe be to you! Good-night."

He opened the door into the entry, and the trembling deacon followed him.

"Wha-what—what do you know about it, anyhow?" gasped the latter.

"To-morrow night, you shall learn something about what I know, if that child is not restored to her friends ere then."

Young Stanhope opened the outer door as he spoke, closed it after him, and darted down the steps; while the guilty deacon leaned against the wall for support, and fairly gasped for breath.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" he muttered; "what will become of me?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Catharine, at this moment appearing at the head of the stairs; "isn't you coming up, sir? The boy is so sick, choking like, and mistress is crying, and seems as if she'd go into a fit; and I'm so frightened! Oh, do sir, come up, and send for the doctor."

"I'll be there in a minute," groaned the guilty wretch, hardly conscious of what he heard, or of what he was saying.

He staggered along into the back-parlor, and sunk upon a seat, one of the most miserable beings then in existence.

"Too late!" he groned; "too late! I'm lost! I'm lost! He has done the bloody deed, before this, and fled. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what will become of me?"

Suddenly he bounded to his feet, with the exclamation:

"It may not be too late to save her yet! Something may have happened to prevent the crime! If it isn't done, I'll stop it, and get the girl, and he may take the money and go."

He seized his hat as he spoke, and rushed out of the house like a madman. Down one street, and up another, he fairly flew, till he reached the Infected District; then he was forced to advance more cautiously in the thick darkness. But he had been to the house, knew where it was situated, and he hurried toward it by the nearest course, plunging on through dark, filthy lanes, alleys and courts, till the dismal structure stood before him, rayless and silent as the grave. Neither looking to the right nor to the left, and thinking of nothing but the bloody deed, whose guilt must be upon his soul if a single moment too late, he reached the door, quite out of breath, and gave a few hurried raps.

As he did so, a figure, which seemed to start forth from the very darkness itself, tapped him on the shoulder; and words, that made his blood curdle, sounded in his ear:

"Sir, I summon you, as a juror, to hold an inquest upon a female body within this house! Who are you? and what is your name?"

"Oh, Lord!" mentally groaned the deacon; "Then it is all over; and I am lost—ruined—lost!" and he clung nervously to the casement of the door, to keep his trembling frame from sinking to the earth.

"Quick! speak! who are you, sir?" demanded the coroner; for the person who addressed the terrified and guilt-burdened Pinchbeck, was no other than that officer, legally acting in the discharge of his duty.

"My—my name—is—is—Pinchbeck," gasped the deacon.

"What Pinchbeck? and where do you live?"

"Absalom, sir—Absalom Pinchbeck—and my—my residence is—a—ah—No.— —— street."

"Ah! Mr. Pinchbeck, I know you."

Pinchbeck felt as if everything guilty and wicked knew him now, as well as the officer.

"I am surprised to see you here, sir, at this hour," continued the coroner; "but it is no business of mine. Remain here till I summon the rest of the jurors. I will not keep you long."

"Oh, sir, please excuse me!" whined the deacon. "I have a child at home, very sick—indeed I have!"

"I am sorry to say that I can't excuse you, Mr. Pinchbeck—or deacon, as I believe you are usually termed. I want just such men as you—but they are very scarce round here. Remain, sir, till I return. I will not keep you long."

He hurried away as he spoke; and the deacon, afraid to leave, sunk down, terrified, upon the damp, filthy ground. It was awful enough, he thought, to be guilty of a murder, without being obliged to sit as a juror on the corpse of his victim; and in the half hour that the officer was away, he suffered the agonies of a thousand horrible deaths himself. At last the coroner returned, with a light, in company with the rest of his jury; and the old hovel was immediately taken possession of by this officer of the dead.

As the deacon, the last of the party, stepped over this late abode of crime, he fairly shook in every limb, and gasped for breath, and felt that hell itself was within him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COTTAGE MUSIC.

When the cottage door is open, and the air is bright and clear,
Then the sound of children's laughter echoes on the listening ear,
And the fall of little footsteps, pattering on the rustic floor,
Gently lures the tired woodman to his peaceful home once more.

Oh, the music of young voices, oh, the tuneful little feet,
How they rise and fall together, keeping time in cadence sweet;
Like the ever moving planets, making harmony above,
So the happy notes of childhood vibrate on the chords of love.

On the settle sits the grandsire with eyes so old and dim,
That the little sunny faces seem like fading dreams to him;
But he hears their merry voices, and it almost makes him young,
As he tries to catch the meaning of each little, prattling tongue.

Oh, the merry laughing voices, how melodiously they flow,
Bringing to the old man's memory happy days of long ago,
When he, too, could shout with gladness, when he, too, was bright and bold,
Long before his children's children told him how the world grew old.

And the music of young voices, long as this fair earth shall last,
Will relink the joyous present with the half forgotten past;
And the ring of little footsteps, pattering on the cottage floor,
Will be heard, the wide world over, till there shall be time no more.

CORNY O'SULLIVAN'S FORTUNE.

One of the chief delights of my boyhood was to make my way on a winter's evening to Henry Driscoll's cabin, and there, on a three-legged stool, drawn close to the turf fire, and opposite my host, who employed himself in cobbling a brogue, or making a potato basket, to listen with "wide-mouthed wonder" to the stories of fairy, ghost, or goblin, which he poured into my attentive ear.

Henry was a laborer, employed upon my father's farm, and he united a wonderful genius for story-telling with a firm belief in the supernatural. Of most of his own tales he was ready to swear the truth, although his own imagination had contributed the principal incidents, but any he thought unworthy of credit, to remove any doubts on the subject, he made a point of concluding thus:

"Well, there was a powerful weddin', and I was there meself, and wud brown paper stockins and slippers of glass, here I come shliddherin' all the ways to tell ye a whole parcel of lies."

Let me try to write one of Henry's stories, as well as memory will allow, in his own words:

"Oh, if 'tis a story ye want, your honor, thot same you must have wid a heart and a half, but what I'm goin' to tell didn't happen to me, for barrin' once or twice, I never seen anything worse nor meself in all me born day."

"Well, 'twas in the times (and I well remimber them meself, though I'm not so very ould) when the fairies was as thick as blackberries, and as throng as pigs at a fair, that there lived in this same sweet county of Wexford a laborin' man of the name of Corny O'Sullivan. He was as fine, clane, clever and soople a boy as you'd meet in a day's walk. Corny the dancer, was the title he was best known by (for, ye see, his own uncle's son was Corny also), and the divil a doubt but an illegant dancer entirely he was, and 'twas well worth goin' a mile of ground any day to see him handlin' his feet at a reel or a double. Some people said he was fond of the dhrop, but sure, if he had a tridin' hankering after it, 'tis many a better man's case, and more betoken the ould song says St. Pathrick himself wasn't above mixin' a bowl of punch, and faix I wouldn't put it a past him to have a hand in the dhrinkin' of it, too! Well, sir, be that as it may, whether he found whisky very openin' to the mouth or no, Corny believed in all manner of devarshun; lave him alone for singin' and dancin', coortin' and fightin'. For love and murdher there wasn't his aquil in the barony. Sure I seen him meself bate tin or a dozen min to bruss—ay, and that when he was little more nor a gossoon."

"'Tis a good many year now since one evenin', Corny was at poor Mike Lanaghan's wake, at the cross-roads above. There was a great congregation of the neighbors round, for ould Mike was a great favorite. Mostly all the old people was in the room wud the corpse, the men chatterin' about one thing or another, and the women slootherin' and cosherin' in corners wud their heads together, lamentin' the dead, and keepin' a keen eye all the while on the dandys and noggins of punch. The young ones was out in the kitchen whalin' the flure to the 'Crow on the Gate-post,' or some other fine tchune, for Callaghan, the piper, was there to the fore, playin' most beautiful. You may be sure there was lashins and lavins of all soorts of dhrinks, hapes of fine aitin', and tobacco galore, for them Lanaghans was always rale decent people, and 'tis well they knew how to thrate their neighbors when they dropped in.

"Corny was in and out, like a dog in a fair, enjoyin' the fun in rale earnest, and indeed a naighty pleasant evenin' they all had of it. It was dhrawin' on purty late, and Dinny Byrne was jist singin' his favorite song, 'As Down by Bannow's Banks,' when Corny seen Mary Carty throwin' her shawl over her head to go along home, so he slipped out, and made bould to discoorse her as far as her father's cabin, for he always had a snakin' regard for her, as they say, and small blame to him, for many's the mile you might thravel of a summer's day 'ithout meetin' a likelier or a nicer lookin' colleen. It doesn't become me to say what they talked about on the way; but I dar say 'twas somethin' sweet, for they waumused (strolled) along say, an' when they rached Carty's cabin, 'twas time for Corny to be thinkin' of goin' home, which was as good as four mile away, so afther takin' a partin' glass wud Mary's father, he bid 'em all good night, and started off.

"'Twas a darlint fine night anyhow; the moon was shinin' as bright as day, and the stars was winkin' and twinklin' down at their own beautiful little faces that was smilin' and lookin' up at them again out of the bright river Slaney.

"I suppose it was a fine night that was in it, or the air took hoult of him, or maybe the strength of the love; but, howsumever, it was Corny began to feel rale light in the head. He used to lay the blame on the *good people*, 'for,' says he, 'sure it couldn't be the dhrop I tuk that wasn't enough to blind the eye of a midge,' says he, 'that id go get into me head that a way.' So down he sot, just to steady himself and take a blast of the pipe, be the side of a big three that stood close to the road, and he wasn't long there when lone behowld ye he fell hard and fast asleep. Himself didn't know how long he slep', but the moon was shinin away still when he awoke, and when he did he hard the delightfullest music ye could think of, and that quite near him, so he edged closter to the side of the three, and he cocked his eye round and, bedad, sir, he seen the quarest sight at all at all. There was crowds of the weeshiest, dooniest men and women, dhressed out in green, and little red caps on their heads, some wud feathers, too, if ye please, and the natest little red shoes on their feet. Some was dancin' as merry as midges, keeping time to the music, and playin' all sorts of pranks, more was makin' love and meanderin' about under the ferns and docks that was taller nor themselves; more was ridin' races on flies and beetles and snails, and all manner of bastes, as if their lives depinced on it; some, too, was haugin' out of rushes and slitherin' down flaggers—it bet Bunnagher, to see the capers of 'em. Corny looked round to thry where the music was comin' from, and there he seen a little chap tattherin' away on the pipes, humorin' the tchune wud his head, all as one as Callaghan himself, on'y that he bet Callaghan out and out in the playin'. Corny's two eyes was the size o' pratie cakes, an' his mouth so wide open that 'twas a wondher some of the fairies didn't jump down his neck, while the hairs of his head stuck up as straigth as knittin' needles, for he didn't think it was over lucky to be so conveynient to the good people, and he was makin' to go as quite as he could when what the puck did he see, as plain as the nose on yer face, but a small little spitherogue of a wrinkled red-faced ould man, an' he workin' away mendin' a brogue! A cap was stuck on one side of his head, an' he had a gray coat wud skirts shreelin' down ever so far, an' great silver buckles in his shoes, an' to see the ould-fashioned set of the crayture wud his legs curled up on a musharoon smokin' a pipe as continted as anything, would make ye laugh av ye had only one laugh in ye!

"Corny had often hard tell of the Leprachaun, but he never seen one before, and, like the rest of us, he'd hard that if ye keep yer eye on him, he must show you where he has the goold berrid, but he's up to all manner of thricks to make ye look another way, and if ye do for the minnit only, away he skelters, so he does, and the divil a hap'orth more ye sees of him. Well, all these things come into Corny's head, and he determined not to let the boy out of his sight, and just as the Leprachaun was houldin' a wax-end betune him and the moon while he'd fix a new bristle to it, Corny gettin' bouldher and bouldher as he thought of the goold, spakes up, and says he—

"'God bless the work, yer worship,' says he.

"Bedad, the words was barely out of his mouth, when every one of the fairies, barrin' the Leprachaun himself, flew away like redshanks, and one of 'em ups with his fist and gave Corny an eye as black as the ace of spades, and at the same time shtreaks of fire spread out in the sky like the Roara Boro Alis that's seen be the Laplandhers in Agypt. Wud that the ould cobbler says:

"'Whist, whist, Corny; see what's going on in the three.'

"'Oh, oh,' said Corny to himself, 'catch a weasel asleep. I wouldn't mistrust ye, me bochoul, but to be thryin' to get me eye off of ye.' So he says to him, says he—

"'Looka, see here now; none of yer thricks upon thravellers, but show me, this minnit, where ye have the threasures berrid.'

"'Tare an ounthers,' says the ould man, 'what de ye mane?'

"'Oh, ye know right well,' says Corny, at the same time saysin' him be the scruff of the neck.

"'Och, weirasthru, Corny, allanah,' says the Leprachaun, 'where would the likes of me get threasures?—threasures, in throth!' says he.

"'Come, come, me ould play-boy," says Corny, 'you might as well be whistlin' jigs to a milestone as talkin' to me. De ye think it's a Gomm I am? Lade me to the place fair and asy, or maybe it's the worse it'll be for ye.'

"'Arrah, sure I tould ye before, ye spalpeen, sorrow taste of the likes I have,' says the fairy.

"'Whether, now,' says Corny, gettin' incehsed, 'ye couthrary ould vagabone, isn't it a wondher ye wouldn't be ashamed of yerself to be riddlin' lies out of ye as fast as a dog 'id trot? Make no more words about it now,' says he, 'but out wud the saycret, or, be this and be that, I'll brake ivery bone in yer ugly ould carcase!' says he, givin' him a shake that fairly loosened the teeth in his head.

"Well, to make a long story short, the Leprachaun seen there was no use argen wud Corny, so he led him a fine dance over ditch and hedge, briar and bramble, until they came to a field wud a young ash saplin' growin' in it.

"'Undher that is the goold,' says the fairy, 'and much good may it do you!' and wud that he disappeared, without saying another word, good or bad.

"Corny gripped the saplin', and what wud pullin' and haulin', and prisein' it wud his stick, he managed to get it clane up, though a tough job it was, too, and afther rootin' a bit in the stle—sorrow a word o' lie in it—but, sure enough, he come upon a big crock brim full of goold. Begor he didn't know whether he was standin' on his head or his heels wud delight.

"'Corny, yer sowl, ye,' says he to himself, 'ye'r a made man from this day out. Isn't it yourself is in the hoighth of good luck, and more power to the Leprachaun, he's a dacent ould chap, after all.'

"So sayin', he filled his pockets, and his hat, and his brogues—ay, and his stockins, too, for he seen there was no use in thryin' to get up the crock without a spade, and, stickin' the three back again, he cut off home. He didn't let on a word about it to man or mortal, but set out the next night wud a spade and a wheelbarrow. He found the field asy enough, but dang the bit of the saplin' could he get! No; nor sign nor sight of the place he had turned up the night before! So he had to be contint wud what he got, and a fine lob it was, too.

"Well, yer honnor, Corny bought a few fields, and he built a snug cabin, and married Mary Carty, and a great haulin' home they had of it—plenty of people there, and the best of fine aitin' and dhrinkin', for there was nothin' of the nayger about Corny, and now that he had the money he knew how to spind it.

"Not many nights afterwards—and a mighty severe night it was—the wind was moanin' and howlin' outside, for all the world like as if the ghosts in the ancient ould berrin'-ground yandher beyant was discoorsin', now whisperin' low tellin' their saycrets, and more times as if they war roarin' the heads off of one another, and was goin' to have an onmarciful fight—a terrible night entirely! Corny and the wife was lyin' awake, listenin' to the wondherful noises that was goin' on in the kitchen—tap? tap! like the dead-watch, only a dale loudher. Then the pig, the craythur, would let grunts out of her that was frightful. Corny gets up and stales out to thry and see what was the matther. And what de ye think it was? Nayther more nor less than the ould Leprachaun, and he mendin' his brogues as hard as he could lick!

"'Why, thin, what de ye mane?' says Corny, thryin' to look as bould as brass, for all the heart was sinkin' in him wud the fear; 'what de ye mane?' says he, 'be raisin' such a ruction without ryme or rason,' says he, 'disturbin' a body at the dead o' the night, ye ould thief of the world?'

"'Thief, inyah!' says the Leprachaun, lookin' as cross as two sticks; 'musha, bedad, it becomes you to call me a thief—didn't yourself stale the goold ye built your house wud from me, and haven't I a right to me own roof?'

"'Oh, thin sweet bad luck attind yerself and all o' yer breed!' says Corny. 'The curse of the crows on you an' yer money, for pace nor aise I never had sence I laid eyes on ye!'

"And wud a sore and throubled heart he wint back to his bed, while the fairy set up a great haw! haw! of a laugh.

"Well, be Mary's advice, the very next even' he put what was remainin' of the goold in a stockin', and left it on the kitchen dhresser, and every fardin' he could scrape together he did the same wud, for the Leprachaun haunted the house, and torminted them the live-long night until every ha'penny was paid. From that day to this the fairies never throubled them, and more nor that they thruv wondherful—everything went well wud them, and they lived happy and prosperous ever afther.

"The story got wind, and used to be tould as a quare one—and sure, anyhow, didn't it take the lade?"

THE THREE WISHES.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son thrown into his cell in his stead.

As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his goalers:

"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us."

This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything; it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

One cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all.

THE FIRST BLEEDING IN RUSSIA.

The Czar Alexis, father of Peter the Great, was one morning in a state of great irritation. He alternately walked about and sat down, contradicted and scolded his courtiers around him, who stood trembling before his bloodshot eyes and the unnatural hue of his countenance.

All of a sudden his sight became darkened, his head fell heavily upon his shoulder, his legs tottered, and he fell into a swoon upon the floor. He was laid on the sofa, and his physician at once sent for, who, finding his pulse at a perfect stand, and all the symptoms of the face indicating an approaching attack of apoplexy, ordered the Czar's arm to be uncovered, in order to bleed him. But hardly had the doctor taken in hand the lancet, when Alexis, somewhat recovering from his swoon, opened his eyes, and asked the doctor in an angry tone what he was about.

"I was about to bleed you, your majesty," replied the other, softly.

"To bleed me? I don't understand you."

"This instrument," said the doctor, pointing to the lancet, "would make such a slight incision in the flesh of your arm, as to cause much less pain than even the scratch of a pin, but it will cause a few drops of the thick blood to flow off, and facilitate thereby the circulation of the whole system."

"How?" shrieked Alexis. "You mean to wound me, and spill my blood intentionally. How dare you!"

"It's true, sire, the cure of bleeding is not yet known in your vast empire, but it has been introduced into Poland, Germany and France with unfailing success; but I would certainly not have dared to attempt it on your majesty's person, if I had not found you in imminent danger of your life."

"Nonsense. I will not allow my body to be wounded or my blood to be spilt," said the Czar, doggedly.

"But consider," remonstrated the doctor, earnestly, "in taking from you a few drops of blood, I am sure to save your life; but, if you refuse, I cannot answer for the consequences, and what now appears only a slight indisposition, may turn to a most serious illness, which will baffle all my skill and all the medicine in the world."

Struck by these ominous words, Alexis asked whether there were no other means of saving his life.

"None that I know of," replied the doctor, seriously.

"Does bleeding hurt a person in good health?" asked Alexis.

"Certainly not; it can neither harm nor do good to persons who are in no need of it."

"Then," said Alexis, "bleed yourself first, doctor."

"With pleasure; but my arm will then be so weak for a couple of days, that I shall not be able to perform the operation on you during that interval."

The Czar then told all his courtiers to stand round in a circle, and ordered the doctor to bleed them all in turn. These were Ilia Milaslowsky (late father-in-law of the Czar), the Princes Narishkin and Dolgorucki, Count Tolstoy, General Lubanoff, Shermetoff, Godanoff, and many more of high rank and birth. Each and all were obliged, in blind obedience to the Czar's will, to submit to the ordeal. However, when the turn came to Streshneff, who was bent with age and enfeebled by long service, and was, besides, related to the reigning dynasty by the mother of Alexis, the doctor made a full pause, and looked hesitatingly at the Czar, as much as to say, here is danger in the operation.

Encouraged by the pause, Streshneff bent his knee before Alexis, and said:

"May your majesty please to pardon the liberty I am taking to beseech you, in all humility, to spare me the few drops of blood which the Almighty has still left in my veins at my advanced age. What may be useful or harmless to the young, may prove dangerous to the old."

The doctor nodded assent to the assertion.

The Czar, however, felt himself so insulted, that, clenching his fist and inflicting a blow at the breast of the old man, he shrieked in a most violent voice:

"How dare you, old dog, to disobey your sovereign? If you do not at once unbare your arm, I shall have you shot like an old beast."

We need not say that Streshneff underwent the operation, which done, the doctor told Alexis that it was now his turn to be bled.

"Very well," said the Czar, gloomily.

And, unbaring his arm, turned away his head, and bid the doctor to make haste.

Strange to say, Alexis, who could with the utmost indifference look on at the blood he caused to be shed of thousands of his subjects, was coward enough to be frightened at the sight of a few drops of blood from his own body!

Success.—The shallow-minded person is he who believes in luck, who says of a successful man, "He always was lucky," or of an unsuccessful one, "Poor fellow, just his luck!" A man's luck is generally the measure of his capacity and his perseverance. Cause produces effect the world over. Water does not run up hills, nor do we gather, even in these days of progress, grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. If one would gather golden grain, he must sow his seed. If he would be wise, he must work for wisdom. Riches, goodness, fame, love—every one has its price, and can be purchased for no less. Life is a perpetual auction, where all prizes are knocked down to the highest bidder. The world's great men have been those who have toiled early and late. Even genius can find no royal road to its goal. Goethe, and Milton, and Newton labored as the easy-going, fine gentlemen of literature cannot conceive.

Ladies in Russia.—They are very anxious to marry, because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the paternal eye until given up to their husbands, and then they take their own course. Almost as soon as a girl is born, in the better ranks of society, her parents begin to prepare the dowry she must have when she goes to her husband. She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her coming husband. The young man goes to the house of his proposed bride and counts over her dresses, and examines the furniture, and sees the whole with his own eyes before he commits himself to the irrevocable bargain. In high life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

The Church of Our Lady is not only one of the finest and oldest ecclesiastical edifices in Paris, but the most beautiful in all France. It stands on the island of the city, in the Seine, in the most ancient quarter of the metropolis. The first stone was laid in 1163, and it took three centuries to build it. After having suffered from the ravages of time and violence, it was completely restored about 1845.

The west front, with its two ponderous square towers, and its immense rose-window over the central portal, which should be seen when glowing in the rays of the declining sun, is indescribably grand and striking. The style of architecture is pure Gothic. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, and is 415 feet in length by 150 in breadth. In the west front there are three entrances, through richly sculptured ogive arches. Over these porticoes are twenty-eight colossal statues of kings of Judah, popularly supposed to be French kings. Above the huge rose-window, and extending across the entire front, is the Gallery of Columns. The towers are each 204 feet high. In the south tower hangs the famous bell of Notre Dame, weighing 32,000 pounds.

The lover of romance should endeavor to obtain his first view of Notre Dame from one of the many bridges that span the Seine, as the full moon climbs the eastern sky, silvering at first the outlines of the massive pile, then gradually developing, in a broader effulgence, those marvellous details of buttress, pinnacle, canopied niche, rose-window, and incented portal that relieve its heavy grandeur. Not even the full moon will reveal all of its quaint anatomy, but dark shadows from the numerous projections will still involve this wondrous work in a shroud of medieval mystery.

Seen under such circumstances, the imagination of the spectator will enjoy full scope. It will waft him far away from modern Paris into the mystic depths of the storied past. By the reflected light of Victor Hugo's genius he will behold strange figures entering or issuing from the portals and moving among the shadows of the Gothic monument—Frollo, Quasimodo, the Captain of the Archers, Esmeralda, and her white goat, and the Ribalds of the Court of Miracles. Historic shadows will blend with the fanciful beings of romance.

Lights will glimmer through the painted windows, the great bell will again vibrate in its tower, and the magnificent *Te Deum* will pour its musical thunders through the echoing arches. From the portals, as of yore, will issue in solemn procession kings and queens, emperors and empresses, churchmen with banners, crusaders with the holy symbol on their mantles, templars clad in mail, brides in virgin white, barefooted penitents, revolutionary pikemen.

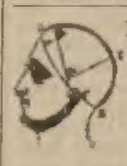
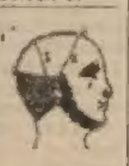
Of course this old cathedral has its legends—you find one of them at the very threshold. Look at the iron-work on the portals—could any human being have devised and executed such intricate ornaments? The legend has it, that Biscornet, the smith who undertook the job, was in despair, and offered himself body and soul to Satan if he would help him through with the undertaking. The Prince of Darkness went to work, and finished the two side doors, introducing his own likeness several times—nothing flattered. But he did not touch the central door, for the good reason that the procession of the Holy Sacrament passed through that portal, and he dared not profane it with his handiwork. As the smith was found dead in his bed one day, the credulous public believed that, though Satan had not completed his contract, he had contrived to outwit the mechanic after all, and got possession of his miserable soul.

The Great Tribunal.

Public opinion is the great tribunal by which the value of all discoveries is judged. Its favorable verdict long ago stamped Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the leading invigorant and alterative of the age, and the truthfulness of that decision is constantly receiving fresh corroboration in the shape of results, the most complete and satisfactory, accomplished in our very midst. Tributes to its efficacy as a remedy for indigestion, constipation, nervous complaints, sleeplessness, general debility, rheumatism and kidney disorders pour in from every quarter; physicians emphatically commend it as a remedy for most inorganic maladies, and the press indorses the dictum of the profession. Thus the popularity of the reigning tonic stimulant of America is constantly widening, despite the invectives fulminated against spirituous preparations by the vendors of mock temperance bitters, which the public some time since discovered to be fermented rubbish, and the sales of which are rapidly on the wane.

Pleurisy Pains, Asthmatic, and all Throat Affections, are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

FITS—EPILEPTIC FITS.
CERTAIN REMEDY FOR
Epileptic Fits, Spasms or Convulsions.
Having the utmost confidence in this preparation we guarantee to any who are afflicted with Epilepsy, Immediate Relief, and by sending their address, describing case, will send a small bottle gratis, in order to have them give it a trial.
CHUMAR & SON, Chemists and Druggists,
294 COURT ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.


R. DOLLARD,
813
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nuck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

EMPLOYMENT.
I want 1000 agents to canvass for the COMPLETE HERBALIST, and THE GROWING WORLD. I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., and full particulars will be sent by return mail.

AGENTS WANTED. Salary or Commission. Address, Cowan & Co., Eighth St., N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL
CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT,
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated; for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflamation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents a box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOKS.
T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just issued an entire new, complete and uniform edition of all of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's celebrated works. They are complete in Thirty-seven volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $64.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

How He Won Her.	The Deserted Wife.
Fair Play.	The Lost Heiress.
Victor's Triumph.	Love's Labor Won.
A Beautiful Fiend.	The Gipsy's Prophecy.
The Artist's Love.	The Three Beauties.
A Noble Lord.	Vivia; Secret of Power.
Lost Heir of Linlithgow.	The Two Sisters.
Tried For Her Life.	Miriam, the Avenger.
Cruel as the Grave.	Wife's Victory.
The Maiden Widow.	The Mother-in-Law.
The Family Doom.	Haunted Homestead.
The Bride's Fate.	Lady of the Isle.
The Changed Brides.	Fallen Pride.
Prince of Darkness.	The Widow's Son.
The Christmas Guest.	Allworth Abbey.
Bride of Llewellyn.	Retribution.
The Fortune Seeker.	India; or Pearl River.
The Bridal Eve.	Curse of Clifton.
The Fatal Marriage.	Discarded Daughter.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' WORKS.
T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just issued a new edition of all the popular works written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. They are complete in Twenty-one volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $36.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

Bellehood and Bondage.	The Rejected Wife.
The Old Countess.	Mary Derwent.
Lord Hope's Choice.	Fashion and Famine.
The Reigning Belle.	The Heiress.
A Noble Woman.	The Old Homestead.
Palaces and Prisons.	The Gold Brick.
Married in Haste.	The Wife's Secret.
Wives and Widows.	Doubly False.
Ruby Gray's Strategy.	Silent Struggles.
The Curse of Gold.	The Soldier's Orphans.
Mabel's Mistake.	

LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER.
By A. H. Monteith. Price 40 Cents each.
FRENCH Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
GERMAN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
SPANISH Without a Master. In Four Easy Lessons.
ITALIAN Without a Master. In Five Easy Lessons.
LATIN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
Any one or all of the above five Languages can be learned by any one without a teacher, with these books. Price Forty cents each. The five books are also bound in one large volume. Price Two Dollars a copy.
Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers.
Copies of any one or more, or all of the above books, will be sent by any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting their price, in a letter, to the Publishers,
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

GEORGE A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.
54,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity.
Send for Price Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

LOVER'S GUIDE (new edition) 256 pages Illustrated—Model Love Letters—Art of gaining love of and marrying who and when you please—How to be handsome—Cures for hundreds of diseases. Also many new secrets, arts, mysteries, money-making methods, etc. Price only 10 cents. Address Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

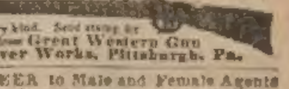
WANTED—Agents for the best selling Prize Packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post-paid, 25 cents. Circular free. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.

POCKET MATCH SAFE AND LANTERN. The wonderful combination (patented) gives a bright clear light, is always clean (no oil required), and cannot be blown out. Agents wanted. Sells at sight. Samples only 35 cents. SOMMER CO., Newark, N. J.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, P. O. drawer 120, Fultonville, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the fastest selling book ever published. Send for specimen pages and our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia and Chicago.

$10 PRINTING-PRESS.—"Just out." Prints a form 5 by 7½ inches. Send a three cent stamp for catalogue. W. C. EVANS, 50 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

SHOT GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, REVOLVERS,

Of any and every kind. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun and Revolver Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs nothing to try it. Particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

$20 per day at home, 35 new articles, and the best family paper in America. Terms free. Family Journal, 309 Broadway, N. Y.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT! Send stamp for it. Newark Novelty Co., Newark, N. J.

The Boudoir — Fashion Notes & Queries

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

There is positively so little really new to chronicle in the annals of fashion that in order to avoid wearisome repetition by constantly referring to styles that have not changed, we propose devoting this number of our "Boudoir" to descriptions of costumes, etc.

We will first devote our attention to toilettes for the house. Among these we have been particularly impressed with two very unique *robes de chambre*. One was of an East Indian fabric, now very popular, but generally used for promenade suits. It is called "puddah" cloth, and is of fine, soft wool, very closely woven. The color was between a drab and a fawn.

The dress was not exactly a wrapper, as most morning dresses are, but was in two pieces, underskirt and basque, the latter almost deep enough for a polonaise.

The underskirt was long and flowing; cut plain and gored in front and at the sides. The back widths were laid in a deep box plait, and had smoked pearl buttons down the entire length of it, with simulated buttonholes of gray silk. The front width was trimmed with graduated knife-blade pleatings of the same gray silk used for the buttonholes, and put on in a tablier form. Pointed pockets of the dress material, bound and piped with silk, and furnished with buttons to match those upon the plait at the back, were placed on each side of the front.

The basque was cut half tight-fitting, very short in front, scarcely reaching an inch below the waist, but sloping off and downwards towards the hips, until the side-skirts reached almost to the bottom of the underskirt.

These side pieces were cut in a blunt point, and sloped upwards towards the middle of the back, where the depth corresponded to that in front. A knife-blade pleating of silk trimmed the basquine entirely round, above which were placed smoked pearl buttons and the simulated buttonholes of silk. A double plaiting of silk was placed under the basque skirt at the back, and from it fell two long scarfs of the silk fringed at the ends, caught together low down the skirt, and fastened with a smoked pearl buckle.

Instead of the usual ruche or standing collar at the throat, a narrower scarf of puddah cloth, lined with the gray silk, was laid in fine knife-blade pleatings, upright, not falling downwards. These pleatings ended in front, and the scarf was then folded in four flat plaits, brought down in a V or heart-shape, and crossed upon the bust, falling from thence in short fringed ends.

The sleeves were in two pieces; first, a long, loose Venitian or Turkish sleeve of the puddah cloth, open from the shoulder, trimmed around the inner edge with a knife-blade pleating of silk, and on the outside with the buttons and loops; the inner sleeve was of the silk, plain and tight fitting, simply corded at the wrist.

We do not know if description conveys the exact idea of this very odd, and yet most stylish dress.

It could be made, we think, with very marked effect, in two colors, such as violet and gray—very light gray—or plum color and pale sky blue.

The other dress was of a deep claret color, deeply tinted with crimson, and combined with silk of a tint between an olive and drab. The material was empress cloth; the shape, a gabrielle, with considerable fulness, added to the back widths by pleats laid on under on each side. The silk was laid on to represent a deep vest front, and extended across the shoulders in the form of bretelles, which were crossed in the middle of the back, and fell below the waist in two square tabs.

Folds of the silk trimmed the front of the dress, and puffed pockets of the same were placed at each side. A standing collar of the dress material, lined with the silk, finished the neck, and two rows of puffing of the same trimmed the coat sleeves on the outer seam. A pointed cuff, with some colored crotchet buttons, was the trimming for the bottom of the sleeve.

A sash of wine-colored silk, lined with the olive-colored silk that was used for trimming, accompanied this robe, and could be worn or not, as might suit the fancy of the fair possessor. When worn, it was loosely folded about the waist, and knotted at the left side.

And now to turn our attention to suits for the promenade.

Some very pretty ones are made of silk and the Knickerbocker cloth, which we are pleased to record has been revived. Lest some of our readers may not be familiar with it, we will briefly describe it:

The warp is woolen, fine and soft, with a filling of coarser threads, which form irregular knots over the surface. In quiet tints, such as brown and the various shades of gray, it is very stylish indeed.

One suit we must describe:

It was of a bluish-slate color, worn over an underskirt of silk of the same shade. The underskirt was simple enough; one deep Spanish flounce, with two rows of knife-blade pleating above. The overdress of the Knickerbocker cloth was a deep, full skirt, cut in four wide points, one directly in front, one on each side, and one at the back; the bottom was piped with the silk, and had a narrow fold of the same above the piping. The looping was very graceful, and devoid of any stiffness.

The basque was tight-fitting, double-breasted, pointed in front, and rather short, sloping away towards the hips, where the skirts lengthened into two tabs, about twelve inches deep. On these were two pointed pockets, trimmed with blue steel buttons, and a piping of silk. A pointed flat hood or capuchin of silk was placed just below the neck at the back, and above it a round, standing collar, which terminated in double revers upon the bust. The effect of these double revers, with the double-breasted front, was very good, and gave style to the garment. The sleeves were in longitudinal puffs, divided by pipings of silk.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Plaids, it is said, will be extremely popular this summer, in everything, ribbons, hernanis, etc.

The fashionable flounce for the coming season is the poppy—the true Oriental Poppy, scarlet or transparent white. Brunettes rejoice.

A new ribbon has appeared called "serge." It is firm in texture, and ties well without cutting, as many of the stiffer textures do.

Ornaments of filigree gold or silver will be much used for trimming, but care must be taken to have them of small, finely cut pattern, otherwise they will look tawdry.

Suits of gray batiste, trimmed with black velvet bows, are very stylish.

Hats for the seashore will be made of gray grass cloth or batiste, finely shirred, and quite large; the trimming will be a cluster of field flowers.

Tortoise-shell jewelry is again very popular. Handsome lockets are shown with a raised monogram.

Handkerchiefs of blue and straw-colored linen cambric, with a white border wrought in a coral pattern with scarlet thread, are among the latest importations. We do not admire them however.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. E. G. (Elmwood, Mo.)—We have your note enclosing money for patterns, which we will forward at once.

MRS. T. (Danbury, Georgia.)—We have received your order and will forward, per express, the articles as soon as possible. Will notify you of the time of sending.

ANNIE R. L.—Yes, by all means buy a black silk. It will be the most serviceable dress; you can wear it for so many occasions; get a good one. We can purchase one for you here and send per express, on receipt of the amount it will require to procure such an article. Send stamp when you wish a reply by mail.

LIZZIE L. M.—Thanks for your very kind letter. To take the grease spots out of your dark blue silk, we would advise first an application of French chalk. Let it remain on for several days; then rub carefully off with a brush; and if the grease has not entirely disappeared, wash them in benzine. Be very careful to do this latter in the day time, as benzine is explosive. Clean your gloves with it. NIXON.

TO BELINDA JANE.

BY GORDON CAMPBELL.

We walked in pleasant spots, and thou
Wast loving to me of thy wont;
We once thought love would last, but now
We don't.

Our love was wide as skies above,
For lovers ne'er can love by halves;
Our love was likest to the love
Of calves.

That day was sweet—ah! not like this—
Yes, sweeter than the fabled honey;
The one sad thought that spoiled our bliss
Was money.

We thought thereon, our hearts grew sad,
Our fates we vainly execrated:
O Time, that changest all, I'm glad
I waited!

For now, Belinda Jane, I'm bald,
And thou'rt an aged maiden lady:
Thine age that side of fifty called
The shady.

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 8.

The Special Order—Perote—The Bait of the Trap.

The adventurers passed the American videttes or pickets without difficulty, and entered Jalapa with their beautiful charge. She had informed them that the family of her uncle, Dios Romedias, dwelt in the city, and to the house she was straightway conducted.

To her joy her relatives were found. Like many people that had refused to vacate the town, they preferred to remain and submit to the invaders.

The senorita was received with joy, and her uncle, suffering from a wound received at Buena Vista, thanked our heroes for rescuing her from the effects of Valja's poison.

Richard listened with flushed face, and was permitted to imprint a kiss on a white hand in the darkened corridor of the colonel's house.

"Did she name the blissful day, Dick?" asked Frank Hatton, looking with a smile into his comrade's face.

"Name the day!" echoed Richard. "Pshaw! You must think that the sight of a Mexican face crazes me."

"She is pretty."

"Yes."

"And good."

"Doubtless."

"And possesses a fair supply of the graces that make the true woman."

"Frank, who is the lover now?" suddenly cried Richard.

Frank smiled tauntingly, and said:

"I was flattering the senorita—indeed I was, Dick. Did you notice her eyes? Why, sir, she could smile and deliver you to death at the same time. Ask Uncle Maurice about these Mexican women."

"Uncle Maurice be hanged!" exclaimed Richard. "He hates them ever since the Senorita Somebody promised to marry him, the same night she wedded one of her countrymen. Jilted men soon become woman-haters, Frank."

"Then you'll go back to Alabama a hater of Eve's faithless daughters? Keep aloof from the little senorita's eyes, Dick; they are lance points as deadly as Valja's."

Richard shook his head with a laugh, but did not reply; and a few moments later they encountered Maurice, the major, who had been inquiring about them.

As usual, he at once took them to task about their absence without leave, and forced from them an account of the late adventures.

"I'll have to secure a body-guard for you rascals," he said. "No sooner do I leave your sight than you ride right into the jaws of death, heedless of the consequences. I want to take you back to old Alabama by and by, and if you harbor the contents of your cranium, I may be able to do so. Keep away from these senoritas. I know them."

Richard glanced at his comrade, and smiled, as the soldier proceeded:

"Yes, I've tried their hearts, and poor things they are, too. Horrors! but they have got pretty eyes!"

"Houri eyes, major," said Richard.

"No! no! I'll not say that," replied the officer. "Now, look here, Richard. This Inez is the daughter of a Mexican general, who hates our uniforms as he hates old Nick. Now do you think that she is going to think anything of you?"

The young soldier blushed, and Maurice glanced smilingly at Frank.

"Why, she would'nt love you, to gain this war for Mexico. I know these girls, I tell you. I've traveled over this land in the piping times of peace. I sent for you, boys, to fight at my side, not to run off and make love to Mexican girls, just because they've pretty faces and sweet voices. I will not submit to it. Now, hear me. I've had enough of your independence, and I want you to understand that I am speaking for your good. 'Special Order, Number One, from Maurice Hatton, Major U. S. A., commanding the Alabama Headstrongs: The members of my command will not leave the American camp without my permission. A violation of this order will result in their return to the sovereign State of Alabama.'"

The major spoke in the voice of a soldier, and the boys exchanged glances of dismay.

"I am in earnest," said the soldier. "I can return to the coast at any time."

A few moments later the young adventurers had retired to rest, and in the darkness that filled the room, discussed the stern military order and the future.

The American army, after a brief halt at Jalapa, resumed its march, and in due time arrived before the historical stronghold of Perote. A stubborn resistance was expected from the castle, but it surrendered without opposition, and the little city, with its fine streets and beautiful houses, passed into the possession of the blue-coated invaders.

The dungeons of Perote Castle are numerous and gloomy, and possess, like the castle itself, historical associations. Many American soldiers were confined here, and the dark cells had resounded with the dying groans of more than one brave man. Here, in 1828, Santa Anna was besieged by the government, but after the bloody battle, fought under the castle's walls, he effected his escape, to become the prisoner of Calderon.

All these facts were related to our young heroes by the major, who conducted them through the various parts of the strong structure, and they listened with interest.

The reader will recollect that Major Hatton made a tour of the Mexican Republic before the war, and nothing of note had escaped his eye. He was a man of vast erudition, who could quote from Caesar and Xenophon on the art of war; and his brusque manners had made him a favorite with all.

Perote Castle proved a prize to the victorious army; but I will not weary the reader with a mention of the munitions of war it contained. Suffice it to say that they astonished Scott, and led him to exclaim:

"Our bayonets have pierced the liver of the Republic!"

The castle doors opened to liberate Generals Landero and Morales, confined by their own countrymen on a charge of treason, and several Americans hailed with joy the floating stars and stripes. To them, too, the doors of dungeons had opened.

"I want you to see Puebla de los Angelos," said Maurice, the major. "It is a city of wonders, and well deserves its beautiful name."

"We yearn to see it," said the boys, in one breath, and Richard added with a merry twinkle of his eye. "But we must keep on our garments of good behavior."

"That you must. Don't forget Special Order Number One," and, with a laugh, the major left them at the door of his quarters, for he had business of importance to transact with his general of brigade.

No sooner were the young soldiers left alone, than they wished to see something of the conquered city by the light of the American campfires.

"I want to see Puebla," said Frank, "and if we play hookey to-night, Maurice, the major, will keep his word, and send us to the squadron."

"He will tarry a long time at Quitman's quarters," said Richard, eager to embark upon an enterprize that promised pleasure and profit. "What can befal us in this city? Our troops are in every street, and we need not leave the light of their fires."

"Then let us go and see what we can in ten minutes," replied Frank, who saw that Richard was determined upon some kind of tour; and looking to their weapons, the twain left the major's quarters.

Nothing of special interest rewarded their curiosity, and they roamed over a goodly portion of the city before they thought of returning. Everywhere the campfires of the army were visible, and but once or twice the adventurers had found themselves out of the light.

"Let us go down this short dark street, and come out upon the square where the Mexicans shot Gonzales thirty years ago," suggested Richard. "Our boys are there."

So into the gloom of the unlighted thoroughfare the boys plunged boldly, and had almost reached the end when a young girl sprang from a house and confronted them. They saw her wild look in the light that penetrated the squares, and started back.

"Quick! Americanos!" she cried. "He is dying! The hound is tearing his noble throat!"

The boys exchanged inquiring glances.

"What do you say, Richard?" said Frank.

"I say the girl is crazy. I want to see the City of the Angels. Come on."

With the last word on his lips, Richard Julian gently pushed the girl aside and moved on.

"*Carajos!*" she hissed, darting back into the house.

"A lucky escape," said Frank. "She would have lured us into a trap."

The ruse was plain now, and Richard marked the door with the point of his sword.

"The houses are alike along here," he said. "I mark this one, for our soldiers must find it, and destroy the trap some enraged Mexican has set."

NOTHING is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards the virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a general, undetermined instinct—the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

HE who possesses a susceptible heart has an inexhaustible mine of sweet emotions.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—Four copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. Eight copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ In ordering, the name, with Post-office address, County and State, should be plainly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

If any subscriber fails to receive the Post within ten days after sending his subscription, we will take it as a particular favor if he will advise us promptly of the fact, stating the day he sent the money, and in what form, whether cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Useless Treasures. How it Came to Pass. Minnie's Valentine. Shadow or Substance? The Lost Letter. Mental Improvement.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

T. K. SWAIN (Texas).—Your solution of the Diamond Puzzle in No. 33 is perfectly correct.

N. E. MOORE.—We are at a loss to know what you mean. "The Old Man's Darling," was concluded in No. 31. Is it possible you did not see that number?

E. HARDIN.—We have not seen the story to which you allude, but we will read it over and consider your suggestion. 2. We hardly understand your question, but we think you had better congratulate your friend when you are with her alone.

HOPEFUL.—All we can say about the advisability or otherwise of your prosecuting your claim for that "English Estate" which you mention, is that in our opinion if you do so, you have a most certain prospect of spending considerable money and a very uncertain prospect of ever getting it back.

A. E. J. (Camden.)—Frankly, we think you a rather foolish young lady. You evidently yielded too easily to the young man's civilities, possibly misinterpreted them, and so nipped in the bud what, with proper management, might have resulted favorably to your wishes. You will know better next time, but do not go to the other extreme.

W. A. HILL.—"I saw in a New York paper of March 3, that the bill for the payment of extra bounties passed the Senate on the 24 of March. Be kind enough to inform me what class of soldiers are entitled to this bounty, and what amount per month they will receive?" The bill failed to become a law, as the President refused to sign the same.

J. S.—No, it is not necessary that a gentleman should "remove his glove before offering to shake hands with others not gloved." It is not always practicable to do so, the glove may be so tight that it might take a long time to remove, and in that case the lady or gentleman whom he has met would be kept standing in an embarassing position with the hand extended.

T. S. W.—The meaning of the word "Preemption" is the right to purchase in preference to others when the land is sold. For instance, say you go to Kansas, select a claim, settle upon it, and by so doing you have a right to buy it when it is put up for sale by government in preference to any other person, and you also have the privilege of getting it at the minimum government price of (we believe) $1.25 per acre.

J. P. R.—If you were to vote without having first taken out your naturalization papers, you would most certainly be liable to arrest and punishment. If you have resided in this country, as you say, for three years before you came of age, it is not necessary for you to make the declaration of intention. You can take out at once naturalization papers on reaching your majority, provided you have been a resident of the United States for five years.

MAUD.—You tell us a bare fact without giving us any details by which we may guide our judgment in advising you. You neither state your own age, the age of the gentleman, nor the reason assigned by your parents for their objection. Possibly if we were in possession of these details we might discover that your parents are only acting in your best interests. If your lover is honorable and really attached to you, he will endeavor to overcome your parents' objection. At all events wait awhile.

FRANK.—The origin of the phrase "cutting the Gordian Knot" is this: A knot is said to have been made of the thongs that served as harness to the wagon of Gordius, a husbandman, afterwards king of Phrygia. The oracle declared that whoever loosed this knot, the ends of which were not discoverable, should be the ruler of Persia. Alexander the Great cut away the knot with his sword until he found the ends of it, and thus, in a military sense at least, interpreted the oracle, 330 B. C.

A MOTHER.—The course of instruction in the Naval Academy at Annapolis extends over six years, and the pay is $600 per annum. Candidates for admission to this academy are required to be physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution; they must also be of good moral character, and must pass a satisfactory examination in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. The expense of an outfit and deposit for books has been fixed by the academy at $281.50 for each candidate.

ADA means happiness; Alice, a princess; Florence, blooming, flourishing; Clara, bright, illustrious; Elizabeth, worshipper of God; Fanny, free; Louisa, amazon; Ruth, beauty; Maud, heroine; Emily, energetic, industrious; Edward, guardian of property; Harry, chief of the house; George, a landholder, husbandman; Alfred, all peace; Joseph, he shall add; Charles, strong, manly; Frederick, abounding in peace; William, resolute helmet; Arthur, high, noble; Walter, ruling the host; the others have no signification.

FIDUS ACHATES.—You have apparently acted under the influence of a feeling of mortification at your rejection by the first lady, and, as is always the case, have taken the wrong course. You have placed yourself in a very delicate position, in which we do not see how we can advise you to act in accordance with your wishes. You may have obtained the affections of the young lady to whom you have engaged yourself, and if so, to break off the engagement would be to inflict upon her an amount of distress that would be inexcusable without a proper cause. Consider well before you act; but let your decision be becoming a man of honor.

WM. MCF.—Of course you should always speak the truth, and we sincerely hope you do; but we do not agree with you that you should carry out that principle and speak the truth at all times, without regard to time and circumstances. Such a habit of uttering all that you know, at random, though it may be all true enough, will lead you into great difficulties and endless trouble. There are many of our own thoughts, and many facts that come to our knowledge, that prudence would require us to keep in our own bosom, because to utter them would do mischief.

W. MUELE.—We have read over your letter, and infer from it that although you are not lacking evidently in shrewdness and intelligence, you are deficient in perseverance, the power of "sticking to it," without which so many young men fail in life. What you need to do is to form the habit of perseverance. This, like all other habits, requires time and effort for its formation. To form the habit of fixing the attention requires time and effort. To form the habit of seeing truth clearly, and in its natural connections, requires time and effort. To form the habit of expressing thought with clearness, force and beauty, requires time and effort. Education consists in the formation of habits. Among the habits to be formed, that of perseverance is one of the most important. And yet, its formation is often left to accident. It should receive definite attention throughout the educational course; that is, throughout life. Be careful as to the plans you form. Many form plans which they never expect to execute. This is more than a waste of time. It is positively injurious to the character. Form no plans but such as are feasible, and such as you intend to execute. Having formed a plan, enter upon its execution and persevere until the end.

NINA.—We regret to say that we must endorse the opinions of your friends. The difference in the ages of yourself and lover is on the wrong side. We have once quoted Shakspeare on a similar subject, where he says, "Let the woman take an elder than herself;" and that master poet was a most correct judge of human nature. The present age of your lover is that of romance, and his affection paints you in perfect colors. Ten years hence, when the matter of fact life sets in, his ideas will change. Your hair is a beautiful specimen of dark chestnut. Your poetry is a very creditable attempt, but it will require some alterations to render it fit for insertion.

Y. M. C.—To construct an Æolian harp, make of very thin, soft wood, a box five inches deep, seven wide, and of the length of your window-sill. Across the top, near each end, glue a strip of wood one-half inch high and one-quarter thick, for bridges. Insert two wooden pins in each end of the box, to wind the strings around. Make a sound-hole in the middle of the top, and string the box with small catgut, fastening the strings to the wooden pins and carrying over the bridges. The ends of the box should be increased in thickness where the wooden pins enter by a piece of wood glued on the inside. Have three or four strings; tune them in unison and place the box in the window.

HENRY MORGAN.—1. Your father's first reason is amply sufficient; you are decidedly too young for matrimony. If you are really attached to the young lady, certainly you need not break off the correspondence. 2. The letters I. H. S. signify "Jesus Hominum Salvator," "Jesus, the Saviour of men." 3. The French phrase "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is the motto of the Order of the Garter, and signifies, "Shame be to him who evil thinks." It originated in this way. At a ball given by Edward III, the Countess of Salisbury's garter became loose and fell on the floor; it was picked up by the king, and gallantly handed to the fair lady. The king was rallied on the subject by his courtiers, and returned the answer that forms the motto. 4. You may bow in passing, but do not speak unless the lady acknowledges your salutation.

GOLDSMITH MAID.—The fleetest horse that ever ran in England, or probably anywhere else, was a horse called Flying Childers, foaled in 1715. He is said to have run three miles, six furlongs in six minutes and forty seconds, or at the rate of thirty-one and a half miles an hour, carrying one hundred and twenty-eight pounds; and on another occasion ran four miles one furlong in seven minutes and a half. These instances seem to be well authenticated, and though published at the time with every detail, do not seem to have been denied. Race horses of the present day cannot accomplish such a marvellous rate of speed, perhaps one reason may be their being now run too young, whereas Childers and Eclipse, another famous horse—second only to Childers—did not appear in public until they were five years old.

M. A. Y.—In our position we have only one feeling, and that is to understand our correspondents—to judge them, to advise, and tell them frankly whether the course they are pursuing is a proper or improper one. In exercising this prerogative, we must tell you that we think your letter was hasty and ill-considered, and one most particularly calculated to offend your lover. Young ladies are sometimes too exacting, and claim from their admirers a scrupulousness of attention, that they would be highly indignant at if demanded of themselves, and many a match has been so broken off that might otherwise have proved a most happy one. You can now only wait the course of events. Let us hope that it may only prove a lover's quarrel, the making up of which will repay the pain it has caused.

R. H. B.—When inquisitiveness goes no farther than a strong desire to obtain useful information, and to inquire into the reason of things, or when it desires information concerning the affairs of others from benevolent sympathy, then it is a valuable trait of character. But when the object is to gratify an idle curiosity, it is annoying to others, and often leads the person who indulges it into serious difficulty. A delicate sense of propriety will lead you to avoid prying too closely into the affairs of others. You will never do it from mere curiosity. But if any of your friends so far make you a confidant as to lead you to suppose that they need your sympathy or aid, you may, in a delicate manner, inquire farther, in order to ascertain what aid you can render. You may, also, make some general inquiries of strangers, in order to show an interest in their affairs. But beyond this, you cannot safely indulge this disposition.

JOHN SMITH.—It is a hard task to give us the first few words of a quotation, telling us it is from one of the plays of Shakespeare, and asking us to supply you with the remainder of the sentence. The words are not in Shakespeare at all that we can discover, but in Byron's "Manfred" are the following, which we believe are what you require:

"We are the fools of time and terror. Days
Steal on us, and steal from us; yet we live
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joys that end in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for Death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's."

M. F. (New York).—The English poor law system has nothing exactly like it in any other country. In all Catholic States of Europe, the church still remains, to a great extent, the public almoner, more or less reliance being placed on the charity which the priests inculcate as one of the first of Christian virtues, for the purpose of mitigating or preventing the worst results of extreme poverty. The fundamental rule as to the relief of the poor in England is that each parish is bound to maintain its own poor. For the purpose of providing the requisite administrative machinery, overseers are appointed in each parish every year, and these, along with the churchwardens, have the duty of providing the requisite funds. This is done by means of a poor rate, which is levied on all the occupiers of land in the parish. This rate specifies a certain sum on the pound which is to be levied, and also the annual value of the various lands, from which the amount of the poor rate is easily computed. The rate is then a local tax on the occupier of the land, and not on the owner, unless he himself is also occupier. The actual distribution and application of the fund thus raised was at first in charge of the overseers, but this plan for sundry reasons was found to be faulty, and in 1834 a central controlling power was created in the shape of the Poor Law Board.

CLEOPATRA.—Cleopatra was a celebrated queen of Egypt, who, after the defeat of Mark Antony by Octavius Cæsar, killed herself by a serpent to avoid being taken as a captive to Rome. The following passage from Shakespeare describes her magnificence:

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person
It beggared all description. She did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool."

The following lines are from the same play, and are spoken by Cleopatra after she has applied the asp to her breast:

"Come, thou mournful wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and despatch."

GEORGE WILSON.—"Can you name to me some of the most important battles that were fought during the last war between the French and the Prussians?" There were many battles fought between the Prussians and the French during the late War, the most important of which were: That of Weissenburg, August 4, 1870, in which the Crown Prince nearly annihilated the corps of General Douay; that of Woerth, on August 6, in which the Prince attacked Marshal M'Mahon in a strong position on some hills, and after six hours' hard fighting, so thoroughly broke up the French army, that the remnants of it were entirely lost to view for a fortnight. The next was the battle of Courcelles, near Metz, in which both sides claimed the victory; but its effect was such as to induce the French army to retire from Metz and commence the retreat that led to the battles of Gravelotte, Mars-la-Tour, and Vionville, fought on the 15, 16 and 18 of August, the most fiercely-contested and sanguinary battles of the campaign, in which the French were at last compelled to retreat to the shelter of the entrenched camp at Metz. The losses on both sides were immense. On the 30 and 31 of August, and on September 1, a series of battles were fought on the banks of the Meuse, in the first of which the French General De Failly was surprised, and lost seven thousand men prisoners, twenty guns, and all his camp equipage; the next day the Prussians attacked the main army of the French between Douzy and Bazeilles, and drove them back on Sedan. On the 1st of September, the decisive battle was fought, that resulted in the surrender of the Emperor and the whole French army, with the fortress of Sedan. Your writing and spelling must both be improved before you are fit for the work of an office.

FERDINAND.—"Have any remains of enormous animals ever been found in England?" Yes; those of the mammoth, the great cave bear or lion, a hippopotamus larger than those infesting the Nile, the rhinoceros, and the pterodactyl. Remains of most of these have been found in caves, and in the low tracts of Yorkshire. The bones of the great cave bear have been found at Brentford, and several places in the immediate vicinity of London. It was a very large animal, surpassing in size the famed grizzly of our own continent, and equal in size to the largest African or Bengal tiger. Remains of the rhinoceros have also been found in large quantities in the immediate vicinity of London. The pterodactyl was a most extraordinary creature, the original of the supposed fabled flying dragon. It was of enormous size, and bat-like in appearance, and ran along the ground like a bird, its long neck either naked or covered with glittering scales; its head lizard or crocodile-like, and of a preposterous size compared with its body. When it rose in the air it extended its fore arms and its elongated wing-fingers, furnished with claws. The hands were also extended, the fingers being connected by strong membranes. How these large animals got a footing into England is a problem that only geology can solve. It is supposed that the English Islands at some remote time formed part of the continent of Europe, and were severed from it by some great convulsion of the earth, which originated the sea called the English Channel.

H. A. W.—The reason why the degrees of longitude vary in length, is that as the meridians all tend to a point at either pole, the degrees of longitude necessarily decrease as we approach these points from the equator. You know, we presume, what a degree of longitude is, viz., the space between two meridians that make an angle of one degree at the poles, measured by the arc of a circle parallel to the equator passing through them. It is clear that this space is greatest at the equator, and vanishes at the poles. 2. There are estimated to be about two hundred volcanoes in activity, more or less, throughout the world. The greatest number of them are in a line along the west coast of South and North America. There are many in the Islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and in the central regions of Asia. In Europe, there are only three in activity—Etna, in Sicily; Vesuvius, in Italy, and Hecla, in Ireland. But there are numerous hills throughout France, Great Britain, and other European countries that bear the appearance of once having been active volcanoes. 3. Many of the Islands in the Pacific are evidently the produce of volcanic action, and of having been thrown up from the bosom of the deep by volcanic agency. Owyhee is a magnificent example of such an Island; the whole island, exposing a surface of some four thousand square miles, is composed of lava, which rises in the peaks of Mouna Red and Mouna Kea to an altitude of sixteen thousand feet above the sea.

HARRY H.—It is not sufficient that you are qualified to pass the required examination to obtain an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis; it is also necessary to have either political or personal influence, or both. Each member of Congress has the right of nominating one person to each institution from his district, while the President is empowered to nominate several from the country at large. At the Naval Academy, however, there is a class of cadet engineers, the appointments to which, so far as we are informed, are not controlled either by personal or political influence. The number of cadet engineers is limited by law to fifty, and the candidates for admission to the class must not be less than seventeen nor more than twenty-one years of age; they must be able to pass a rigid physical examination, and must be well grounded in the elements of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and natural philosophy, must be able to read clearly and intelligently, and must write legibly and spell correctly. Applications for appointments to this class should be made directly to the Secretary of the Navy, who will give all necessary information. In making the appointments the preferences will be given—all other things being equal—to young men who have some practical knowledge of the construction and management of machinery. The Engineer Corps of the Navy is a fine body of men, and it is well worth while for a youth who has mechanical talents to make an effort to enter it.

WISSAHICKON.—"What are the precious stones that are used in the manufacture of watches, which are the hardest, and can you describe to me the process of cutting them for the different purposes to which they are applied?" The following are the stones in which pivots of brass or steel will run for generations without any perceptible wearing, and the order in which we give them corresponds with their respective degrees of hardness: diamond, sapphire, white or milky ruby, red ruby, garnet, and aqua marine. In jewelry they are valued only for their color, in watchmaking only for their hardness. They are used not only for jewelling, but also for tools to cut other precious stones or hard metals with. Sapphire is the favorite, because it can be sharpened upon diamond, while a chisel of diamond—the hardest of all known substances—must either be broken to give it a fresh edge, or sharpened slowly and laboriously against another diamond. Diamond dust also, as white as snow, and finer than flour, has a hundred uses in the factory. An ounce costs five hundred dollars. Metal edges for cutting and surfaces for polishing are "charged" with it; that is, a little of the powder is firmly imbedded in them, and gives them a sharpness which nothing can resist. The precious stones are cut into planks, and then into joists, by circular saws, and afterward broken into cubes. Then each is turned out in a lathe, exactly as a bed-post is turned in a furniture factory. By this time it weighs less than one-eighty-thousandth of a pound Troy. It is afterwards burnished into its setting—a little circular rim of brass. The hole is made through it with a diamond drill, barely visible to the naked eye, and polished with another wire which passes through it and whirls one way while the jewel whirls the other. The two make twenty-eight thousand revolutions in a minute. Finally, jewel and setting are inserted in a little depression of the watch-plate, which they exactly fill, and held in place by tiny screws of steel, whose deep blue contrasts pleasantly with the gilding of the plate.

D. L. W.—"I was reading a piece lately about the different modes of torture which used to be practised in olden days in England, and among them was one called the 'Scavenger's Daughter,' but it was not explained what it was. Can you tell me, also what gave it that name, and what is the last recorded case of torture in England?" The "Scavenger's Daughter" is a corruption of an engine of torture devised by Sir W. Skeffington, in May, 1694, after whom it was called Skeffington's Daughter. It was a broad hoop of iron, consisting of two parts, fastened together by a hinge. The prisoner was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders, and having passed the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of the back. The time allotted to this torture was an hour and a half, during which time blood often started from the nostrils, and even, it is said, from the hands and feet. The last recorded case of torture in England was in May, 1640, when one John Archer, who was charged with having been one of a party of men that had attacked Laud's palace at Lambeth, was tortured under a royal warrant, which we will quote, as being the last specimen of a curious literature now happily dead: "To our Trusty and Well beloved Sir William Balfour, Knight, Lieutenant of our Tower of London.—Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Our will and pleasure is, that to-morrow morning, by seven of the clock, you cause John Archer to be carried to the rack; and that there yourself, together with Sir Ralph Whitfield and Sir Robert Heath, knights, our serjeants-at-law, shall examine him upon such questions as our said serjeants shall think fit to propose to him. And if upon sight of the rack he shall not make a clear answer to the said questions, then our further pleasure is that you cause him to be racked as in your and their discretion shall be thought fit. And when he shall have made a full answer, then the same is to be brought to us, and you are still to detain him close prisoner till you shall receive further orders. And this shall be as well to you as to our said serjeants sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf.—Given under our signet at our court at Whitehall, May 21, 1640."

MISCELLANEOUS.—H. D.—We are sorry to say the lines are not suitable for our columns. If you want the young lady to see them, make a fair copy of the verses and send to her. JENNY.—First of all ascertain whether he is respectable and well conducted; if so, you may give him sufficient encouragement to declare himself, but be very careful. ALBERT F.—The battle of Marathon was fought 490 B. C., in which the Greeks, under Miltiades, defeated the Persians with great slaughter. P. L. P.—The best way is to get a dictionary, and when you are in doubt as to the proper spelling of a word, consult it. A little perseverance in this will soon make you a good speller. H. P. M.—We are sorry to damp your hopes, but you must considerably improve your education before you can pass the required examination. E. G.—We do not believe that a person's character and disposition can be told by his handwriting; those who profess to do so only practice upon the credulity of their dupes. AN OLD FRIEND.—We are receiving from all quarters the same flattering opinions of our paper. We are very glad indeed to hear from you. GIPSEY.—Your age being only sixteen, and the gentleman not being any older, it is absurd for you to think about an engagement. ALLIE.—We do not know of any book that will give you information on the subject you mention. A little observation will teach you more than any book. J. E. S.—The gentleman in question still writes for us, and will continue to do so for some time to come.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*